National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 27. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854. WHOLE NO. 755.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),
At $2 per annum,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Pro-Slavery.

SLAVERY GOD'S INSTITUTION!

[Extract from "*A Letter on Slavery,*" from the Rev. NATHAN LORD, D.D., President of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., in the *Vermont Chronicle* of Nov. 14, 1854.]

On one side, this question, in regard to slavery, is argued thus: "All men are created equal, and have certain inalienable natural rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Whatever violates these natural rights is not of God. But slavery violates them. Therefore, slavery is not of God.

On the other side, thus: Whatever violates natural rights is not of God. But slavery is of God. Therefore, slavery violates no natural rights.

Both these conclusions are logically drawn. But both cannot be true, because they are contrary and opposite to each other. Yet one of them must be true, because the fact of slavery exists, and in one or the other of these methods only can we find the true account of it. It is either of God, and right, or opposed to God, and wrong. What is the true and what the false account of this fixed fact?

The method of reasoning on the one side is theoretical and speculative; on the other it is scriptural, experimental and historical.

* * * * *

The shelves of the libraries groan with the weight of books written on the vexed question of human rights. It could not be compassed in a short article. I shall not even touch it by any of the methods of philosophy. It has never been settled by them; and it never can be. Human wisdom cannot give us a true theory of government. It cannot circumvent the spirit either of liberty or despotism, or compose their strife. The soaring eagle of the one is too high for our arrow; and the sinking leviathan of the other, that "being of the children of pride," is too deep for our hook. Christ only can solve the problem. But to a Christian student both are equally false; and the true account of slavery can be found neither on one side nor the other. * * * * We have liberty to *discuss* the questions pertaining to his general government of the world, for the discipline of our faculties, and for such practical ends as a regulated use of our faculties may serve; or we may gratify a speculative curiosity under the correction of experience and revelation. But we can *solve* them only by the word of God. The particular question of slavery can be settled nowhere else. I would pay due respect to the philosophers and civilians, whether on one side or the other, or in their confused and uncertain inquiries between. But I would bow only to Christ. I regard the question simply as one of experimental, traditional and recorded fact; that is, how God has, in this respect, actually ordered His government of the world. Slavery has existed—a settled stubborn reality—ever since the curse of sin fell upon the world. What is the true account of it? It is an institution. Is it God's or man's? I say, apart from all theory, and in the lights of natural and revealed religion, not man's, except its abuses, but God's; and, of course, it violates no rights of man.

1. *It looks like that.* All analogies are for it. It is like all other *orthodoxly* admitted varieties of government which God has instituted for the rule and discipline of the fallen and refractory world. There are no principles wrapped up in those which are not wrapped up in this. The actual development of these principles in history is perfectly analogous in both, in all *essential* respects. If there is any difference, it is merely *accidental;* it has reference only to form, time, place, mode, quantity, and the like, which are merely organic, prudential, political, and touch not the moral character of the institution. I think that if this were drawn out, as the case admits, it would seem, to all considerate persons, of great weight, would clear the subject of most of its confusions, and decide the controversy.

2. *It reads like that.* Apart from theory, and interpreting Scripture naturally and consistently, I find nothing else. If it is not true, I cannot rely upon philology. For example: if "ebed" and "doulos" mean *slave* in the ordinary and received sense of slave—that is, a man appropriated by captivity, or bought with money, the *bona fide* property of another man—the question of slavery, in respect to philology, is settled. That they do so mean, I contend, *must be true,* if there be any way of settling the meaning of any terms by digging to their roots, or following them up and out to their topmost branches, or tasting of their fruit. If they mean not that, they mean not anything that can be defined, but only something "of some sort" or other, which it is impossible to trace or limit, and language is no proper vehicle of thought. If they mean not that, then nearly every one of the hundreds of passages in which they are found in Scripture, as noun, verb or adjective, is deprived of its significancy, and does not express *the facts of history* which are known to have existed, and which it is the object of these very passages to describe. They are the very terms intended to describe those known facts; and if they do not, there has never been any such thing as slavery in the world, and the zeal of Abolitionism all goes for nothing; for there are no other terms in language that are so used for that specific purpose. If they mean not that, then no people were ever enslaved to the Israelites; and the Israelites were not slaves in Egypt; nor was there ever any slavery at Rome; for "ebed" and "doulos" are the precise and distinctive terms used to represent the captivated, sold and bound condition of the sinners and sufferers of that sort, in the old times of history. If they do not, then, philologically, there are no slaves now, and our country is absolved from its great alleged guilt in this respect. If they mean not that, it is impossible that there should be even such a thing as slavery in coming time; or, rather, that it should even be known to exist except by signs, or the communication of a new language to the world. If they mean not that, then nothing could be known by language, on any subject whatever; there would be no use in going to school; our colleges might be abandoned; and even a new revelation would be useless. If they mean not that, farewell to all transfer of thought by speech, or books; we may resign ourselves at once to the "higher law," the guidance of the reviewer's "*celestial rule, the Divine mind, the Omnipotent Deity, the supreme law before any written law, before human government, before all time,*" dwelling in the light profound, the clear-obscure, the *sanctum sanctorum* of speculative philosophy.

3. *It feels like that.* At least, it does so to me, in the light of philosophy, analogy and history; and I see no objection to it, *a priori,* or speculatively, or on any other ground that can stand a moment against the literal and experimental proofs. I feel, under the pressure of these proofs, that nothing else can be true, and that to oppose it is to oppose, though it may be unconsciously, the Divine plan of government, and take a responsibility that I would not incur for worlds. I feel that God has supreme right to govern the world He has made, and to set up that precise scheme of government which it is the design of the Bible to unfold, as it does unfold, however, actually, only to the humble, penitent and patient learner in the school of Christ. I feel that God had a right to make Adam the representative of our race, in His own image, and to subject him and all his posterity forever to the evils and miseries which the Bible refers to his transgression, and not only them, but the whole related "creation" to a state of "groaning and travailing until now." I feel that He had a right to banish and stigmatize the murderous Cain, and subject him and his generations to a specific curse. I feel that He had a right, when Abel's descendants married the doomed and proscribed daughters of Cain, so that the whole earth became filled with wickedness, to deluge the whole contaminated scene. I feel that when the repeopled earth was likely to be corrupted by the licentious Ham, who had offended God by marrying a Cainish wife, and introducing Cainish-Canaanish blood into the new dispensation, and yet more by gross and obscene filial impiety, God had a right to subject his family to slavery in their generations forever, and such parts of it as most needed restraint and correction to the greatest geographical, social and political disadvantages, and to make his better brethren the instruments of the infliction, within the limits prescribed in His word. I feel that God had a right to make the servitude of Ham a blessing to Shem and Japheth, and an ordinance for the general well-being of the world during the continuance of all the races upon it—that is to the end of it. I feel that if God limited the curse, as He seems to have done, and, by the very stigma of the doomed people, preserved them from wanton individual violence; and if He put them under the protection of law, as in the Old and New Testaments, and denounced the heaviest judgments upon all tyrannical oppressors; if He makes slavery indirectly subservient to the enlightenment of a large portion of the world that would otherwise remain in darkness, and thus offsets the oppressions and cruelties of ungodly men; and if He appoints to carry on the whole related scheme till, in the upshot, He shall remove slavery and all the other punitive and disciplinary consequences of sin, and the curse of sin itself, in a restored paradisaical state of the earth and man, all this is infinitely benignant and gracious, and is fitted to awaken the admiration and joy of all holy beings. I perceive no objections to this specific variety of government that would not exist in reference to all the other known parts of his general economy; and, though, in the working out of the details, irregularities and anomalies occur, through the infirmities and wickedness of men, they are only like what exist throughout all the departments of the fallen world, and equally capable of being overruled to the greater ultimate manifestation of His glory. I feel that if Christians in general would take the same view, rather than those merely theoretical and speculative views which are inconsistent with it, they would be more likely to diminish both the necessary and unnecessary ills of slavery, preserve their own minds in a more healthful state, allay the intemperate zeal of wild and fanatical men, and hasten the great predicted jubilee of the nations. I fall down to the ground. I yield to the will of God. I exalt His rights against the visionary and suppositious rights of men. I call upon my brethren to bow with me, and to rejoice that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

4. *The contrary is violent and fearful.* God cannot do wrong, or unwisely. So far as these Scriptural and historical probabilities enlighten us, slavery is a part of His ordained system of government. If it be a *malum in se,* then we have all these probabilities that God's government is badly administered; in other words, that there is no God. I start back. Any theory of rights, or any theorizing whatever, that tempts the mind even to look down into the dark abyss of atheism is fearful and horrible. I am afraid to look at such a philosophy. I see what it has wrought in all the modern nations, what it is now working in our own nation, among those who follow Abolition yrinciples out to their natural results, and I call upon my beloved brethren to beware, lest they be "snared in an evil time."

OUGHT OUR SLAVES BE TAUGHT TO READ.

THE affirmative is argued by the author of the Address before the Abbeville Bible Society at its recent anniversary; we are on the negative. As far as our means of information extend, the advocate has entirely misapprehended the grounds of that legislation which "enacts that slaves shall not be taught to read." He has moreover simply attempted to disprove the negative of his proposition, forgetting that the affirmative is without proof. We might here rest our cause, and wait for the affirmative to be argued; but we insist that the laws in question are imperiously demanded by a regard to public safety, not because "slavery is most compatible with a state of profound ignorance," but because, instead of reading the Bible, slaves would have placed in their hands those "other documents, books and papers" inculcating insubordination and rebellion, and thus placing the lives of our families in imminent peril. If, with the ability to read, you could impart true religion, or even a desire or disposition to read the Bible, the danger would be largely diminished. But if a judgment may be formed from the known conduct of white readers, we may reasonably conclude that the great majority of the blacks would prefer other books than the Bible.

Is there any great moral reason why we should incur the tremendous risk of having our wives and children slaughtered in consequence of our slaves being taught to read incendiary publications? Religion is as important to the slave as to the master; the soul of the one is as valuable as that of the other—but is the ability to read essential to salvation? Is the reading of the Bible so important a means of grace that to hinder a person from being taught to read it is equal to his exclusion from the religion of the Bible? Is there no other means of preaching the Gospel except by the printed page? The only answers which can be given to these questions will at once expose the fallacy which underlies the whole groundwork of the discourse referred to, and it is the same fallacy which gave direction to the action of the A. B. C. F. M. in relation to the Choctaw nation. Many very pious persons, many persons in possession of large stores of Biblical truth, were never able to read a single line in the sacred volume. Millions of those now in heaven never owned a Bible. To read is a valuable accomplishment, but it does not save the soul. But few persons, comparatively, are converted by their private reading; the word preached is the usual means of grace which the Holy Spirit blesses to the conversion of sinners. The press may aid the pulpit, but we must not give it preeminence over the heaven-appointed instrument for the salvation of men.

The author, we fear, has not taken much pains to inform himself upon many collateral issues he has raised in his address. He seems to be misinformed of the fact that the Scriptures are read in our churches every Sabbath day, *and those very passages which inculcate the relative duties of masters and servants, in consequence of their textual connections, are more frequently read than other portions of the Bible.* We are convinced that it is incorrect to say that the pulpit is silent upon this point, so far as it is a practical question in morals and religion.

We are amazed that any person should speak as our author has done in his last paragraph, who, in the very declarations he makes, shows himself so utterly unacquainted with church statistics. We say it without fear of successful contradiction, that *there are more pious persons among the blacks than among any similar class in the world.*—*Southern Presbyterian.*

A SLAVE-CATCHER'S CARD.

From the Boston Courier.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1854.

HON. CHARLES ALLEN: In your letter to the "Know-Nothing" candidate for Governor, you make free use of my name, and refer to me as "the notorious slave-catcher." Perhaps you may have some new Free Soil dictionary, that can distort words to any application, like your Free Soil principles. Catch, as generally understood, is to lay hold of by force, to spread a net, etc., none of which did I ever do, or use any means to entrap any white or black person. If you intend to allude to a black boy who smuggled himself on board one of my vessels at New Orleans, and who stole the boat and landed at South Boston, and was pursued by the master and taken, you *lie* under a great mistake, for I was not in the city, and had no knowledge of the transaction till some time after it took place.

The master was perfectly justified in securing the intruder, to have him sent back to the point from whence he started, as he had no right to jeopardize another's *life* or property by secreting himself on board of any person's ship, whereby the master would be deprived of his occupation; or if he returned to a slave State, he would be *Butmanized,* perhaps even unto death; or placed in a loathsome prison, to die by yellow fever. The captain had no alternative but to act as he did or subject himself to these afflictions.

As to my taking him back in one of my vessels, I plead guilty; and let fifty similar cases occur, I shall surely land them from their starting point, if in my power to do so. No one has any right to walk into my house or my ship, to make it his home or vehicle, without first asking consent; and if your Honour, or Charles Sumner, or Henry Wilson, or even the pious Theodore Parker, should secrete yourselves, or any one of you, on board any of my vessels, you may be assured you should be relanded on the shore of old Massachusetts, and given up to the legal authorities.

You well know there are State laws South as well as in Massachusetts, and for acts done in those States every person is amenable thereto; therefore every shipmaster and owner is liable to their severest penalties if they violate them.

Your antecedents towards the slaves are too well known to be remarked on, and I will only say every act of your party, and particularly the leaders, are *corrupt* and *void* of all principle, and their whole management has been for selfish motives, down to the last act, in the drama of their fusion with Know-Nothings.

It is true, I signed a petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act; and until the South retrace their steps to the full understanding of the compromise of 1850, it is immaterial to me how many of their peculiar property use their locomotives and escape, provided they do not endanger the life or property of innocent persons.

JOHN H. PEARSON.

PUTNAM ON SLAVERY.—Mr. G. P. Putnam is industriously writing down his Magazine in the South. In the last number, he characterizes slavery in these words: "From its very nature, it is a despotism of force, of law and of opinion combined—partially mitigated in practice by humane personal considerations, but in theory absolute. It is administered, for the most part, by the whip; it is sanctioned by legislation; and it admits of no scrutiny or discussion. All that can be said of it, in the regions where it prevails, even by those most deeply interested in its results, must be said in its favour on pain of peremptory banishment or assassination." If all Northern periodicals would speak in this spirit, there would be some hope of a Southern literature. We are glad to learn from the booksellers here that Putnam is rapidly vanishing from the market. The void should be supplied by the Southern Quarterly Review, the ablest periodical in the country.—*Rich. Enquirer.*

Selections.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only, in our blindness,
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another;
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness,
Or love, among mankind;
But, in our darkling loneness,
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken;
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles, in token
That there be none so lowly
But have some angel-touch;
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever;
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only, in our blindness,
We gather thorns for flowers!
O cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

—*Poems and Ballads, by Gerald Massey.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS ON THE SABBATH.

From the Scottish Press, of Sept. 22, 1854.

At the Anti-Slavery Conference held at Manchester, on the 1st August, 1854, the Rev. W. Guest, of Leeds, took occasion [we speak from the published report of the proceedings] to make "some strong remarks in reprobation of the practice of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in holding its meetings upon the Sabbath, which he considered to be a violation of the principles of Christian churches, and a contravention of the public feeling." This called up Mr. Geo. Thompson in defence of the practice; which in turn called up the Chairman, Mr. Absalom Watkins, "to express his sorrow and regret that any of the American Abolitionists should spend the Sabbath in the way which has been described." Mr. Parker Pillsbury, of Boston, Massachusetts, was one of the most effective speakers at the Conference. In speaking of him and of his services, Mr. Thompson said: "When he compared what we had done in this country, or sought to do, or offered to sacrifice or actually suffered, with what such men had done in America, our poor feather-bed efforts in the cause of philanthropy seemed to dwindle into insignificance by the side of that gentleman's incessant, never-tiring, and yet—except through the blessing of the slave upon him—unrewarded services." Mr. Pillsbury is now in Scotland, and he has placed in our hands a letter which he has just received from Rev. S. May, who he describes as "a gentleman in Boston, Massachusetts, of the highest social and moral worth." From this letter we have been requested by Mr. Pillsbury to publish Mr. May's defence of the practice to which allusion has been made; and, without reference to its propriety or impropriety, its lawfulness or unlawfulness, we have no hesitation in complying with the request of this distinguished American gentleman.

THE QUESTION STATED BY REV. SAMUEL MAY.

"Before I leave the topic of the Manchester Conference, I want to say a few words on the *Sunday* question, as introduced into that meeting [the late anti-slavery meeting in Manchester]. I have seen no account of what was said upon it except in Mr. Farmer's letter to the *Liberator.* With all deference to our most worthy and faithful friend, Mr. George Thompson, I think he made a very lame defence for us with regard to a practice for which, instead of ever *apologizing,* we consider we have a special justification. When I read Mr. Farmer's letter, it appeared to me that one of the grandest opportunities was given, and suffered to go by unimproved, of defending the essential *Christianity* of the anti-slavery movement that could be desired. The exception taken to our use of that day, in the presence, too, of that large and intelligent audience, seemed absolutely to demand a reply; and the tone of apology in which G. T. spoke appeared to me rather to admit the ground of censure than otherwise. Surely, if the anti-slavery cause lacks any element of suitableness for the most sacred time that ever the common Father of all men made and gave to his children, I am wholly at a loss to know what it is. If it be not a far better use of the day to employ it in considering the slave's rights, and his sufferings and wrongs, and our duties in relation to him, than it is to spend it as the day is usually spent by the ministers and congregations of our land—ninety-nine hundredths of whom are *pro-slavery,* either by open justification, by direct participancy and complicity, or by silent consent—then let it be shown, by our friends or our enemies, *wherein* the latter use is to be preferred to the former. *We* maintain that the former appropriation of the day is unspeakably higher, more *religious,* and more in accordance with the mind of Christ, and with his own example. And would our English anti-slavery friends doom us to go to these pro-slavery churches all about us, and accept in silence the doctrines there inculcated upon us? Or would they have us sit in idleness and solitude on that day, abandoning its hours, and the glorious opportunities they afford of disseminating light and truth, of inculcating lessons of humanity, and of fidelity to conscience and God's higher law, to the sole use of men who will employ those hours only for time-serving or devil-serving. We say, no; we maintain our *right* to use the hours of the Sunday to preach the gospel of deliverance to the captive—those self-same 'good tidings' which Jesus declares, at the outset of his ministry, that the Spirit of God especially commissioned him to declare; and not merely our *right*—that we might waive for sufficient cause shown—but we regard it as our most solemn and imperative *duty* to use the hours of that day (set apart by God, as many maintain; by usage, as none can deny, to the highest moral and spiritual ends) for the defence of the true Gospel, and for the furtherance of the truth, the spirit and the kingdom of Christ in the world. And wherein, I ask, is not the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause identical with the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ? Surely, as Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, said in a letter to Mr. Garrison, long since, 'Surely, if Christ has a cause upon earth, it is the anti-slavery cause!' Have not we—you, and I, and all of us—maintained this from the first? Are we to abandon this glorious and impregnable position now? or are we, with bated breath, to half-excuse, half-accuse ourselves on the point? By no means. We say still that the *Gospel* in its every part points us to the outraged and bleeding slave, and the words of Jesus still ring in our ears, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me.' As he identified himself with the poor, the wretched, the outcast, shall we fear or hesitate to do the same? And if *He* set free from her bonds on the Sabbath day the poor crippled woman, whom Satan had bound for eighteen years, shall we be censured, and by his professed friends too, for seeking to do what we can on our Sabbath days to free the millions of men and women in our own country, whom the Satan of slavery has bound all their weary lives long? Our *right* to use the day for anti-slavery purposes I consider unquestionable; our *duty* to use it, looking at the command and example of Jesus, I consider imperative upon all who recognise any allegiance to him and his Gospel; and I respectfully invite all anti-slavery or pro-slavery people, in Europe or America, to show to us, the American Abolitionists, a better way of using the day, in the circumstances, than that which we have taken. Most thankfully would we see the professed churches of the land, and all its pulpits, doing their duty to Christ and to their enslaved brethren. Even then, we should have a perfect right to continue to hold our anti-slavery meetings; but, I doubt not, the great majority of anti-slavery people would then most cheerfully unite with the regular assemblies on that day, which would then have done something to earn the name of *Christian,* now most falsely and meanly worn by them. As things now are, the least we can do is, by our public gatherings, to register our constant protest and testimony against the unfaithfulness of the churches—their essential *infidelity*—and to do what we may to make up for their neglect and treachery. Our Sunday meetings, as you well know, are ever simple, solemn and decorous; and such truths are uttered there that we can truly say, 'the common people hear them gladly.' We challenge any candid witness to point out anything in our use of the day to which any person could object, save those who belong to pro-slavery churches or pro-slavery parties, whose craft is endangered by the truth spoken at the anti-slavery meetings. They are meetings for *true worship,* meetings in which the name, the law, and the authority of the most High God are recognised, *truly* recognised; not by a mere lip-service, but in practice, and by earnest exhortation to others to know and to do *His* will, rather than to yield obedience to the corrupt and wicked laws which men may make, and strive to impose. I could write long on this topic, but to you it is unnecessary. Our English friends, however, should know our position, and judge us rightly."

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE BY REV. WILLIAM GUEST.

To the Editor of the Scottish Press.

SIR: Will you grant me insertion in your next issue, of a few lines, not in reply to Mr. May's letter in the *Scottish Press* of the 22d ult., in defence of the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society on the Sabbath day, but on the question which *was* raised by me at the late Anti-Slavery Conference in Manchester. While I made no notes of the words used by me on this subject, I have, nevertheless, a strong and confident impression that the published report, which represents my remarks as "*reprobating*" the practice of Sabbath meetings "in very strong terms," is not correct. I was in no humour to *reprobate* what was done by earnest and often suffering advocates of anti-slavery sentiments in America. What I did say was—that it appeared to me to have been undesirable, for the sake of the slave, that the American Anti-Slavery Society should have held its second decade in Philadelphia on the Saturday and Sunday of December last, rather than on the Friday or Saturday, or any other days. I did not at all raise the question of the propriety or impropriety of Sabbath meetings. This would have been out of place on such a broad platform as that of Abolitionism. My observations were directed not to what was lawful, but to what was expedient. Gentlemen who were present in Philadelphia during the morning and evening sessions on the Sabbath held views that, no doubt, fully justified to their own conscience their selection of that day. If so, to their own Master they stand or fall. It is not fitting that any party, in this or the other hemisphere, should "reprobate" their doings. But there are Christians in the Northern States of America who are Abolitionists, and also in this country, and of the latter I am free to confess I am one, who think that this subject of slavery is so closely interwoven with all their political relations, as a great Union, with the internal government, and representation of individual States, and with manifold collateral topics, that they do not think it well to hold public meetings in relation to it on the Sabbath day. They conceive that to select that day for political animadversion and controversy would be neither in harmony with their views of the sanctity of the Sabbath, nor tend to their own moral and spiritual ability to withstand slave-owners and all other wrong-doers. The leaders of the American Anti-Slavery Society may deem the class I speak of mistaken, but this does not justify these in doing violence to their opinions. Nor is it quite true, as Mr. May says, that the meetings on the Sabbath are "simple, solemn and decorous"; it would be a singular misapplication of terms to apply either of the two latter to the controversy which arose on Mr. Joseph Barker's references, during the Sabbath meeting in Philadelphia, to the English aristocracy. I pleaded, however, in Manchester, and do still, that for the sake of three millions and a-half in bondage, we would refrain from any procedure that would give pain to our brethren, by outraging some of their dearest and noblest convictions. Surely, a union of force is of the utmost importance, in the presence of such a huge iniquity as American slavery; and there cannot be union unless we take heed of offending what is dear to each other. And let it be remembered, that with the gentlemen of the American A. S. Society there can be no objection of conscience to giving way on this matter of the Sabbath. They could as pleasantly meet on the Tuesday as on the Sunday. This indifference to days, however, does not attach to the party on the other side. Proper also is it to add here, that the cause of freedom is not necessarily advanced by Sabbath meetings above all others, as Mr. May's logic would almost imply. It may be true, as I remarked at Manchester, in reply to Mr. Garrison's reference to our Lord, that it would be a gross affectation of ceremonious observance to refuse to lift a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath day, and equally wicked to refuse to do anything for the slave on that day. But the question is, it is to be borne in mind, is it the best time for *public meetings?* And assuredly it would be an extraordinary mode of honouring the Sabbath for a man to let a sheep lie in a pit all the six days of the week, and choose the Sabbath day for delivering it. Let me re-state, in conclusion, that it was not in the spirit of reprobation that I spoke of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as may be seen by reference to the Manchester papers. I acknowledge I did thus speak, and must ever do so, of those who dishonour their profession of the equalizing influences of Christianity by a pro-slavery advocacy. But, among others, I sought union, and that each party should avoid doing aught that would prevent their standing side by side. I said, further, feeling persuaded that I might thus interpret English feeling, that if the gentlemen who originated the Anti-Slavery Conference in Manchester had held Sabbath views which would have allowed them to hold the meeting on the Lord's day, they would have refrained from doing so out of regard to the sentiments and opinions of their fellow-citizens and Christians who thought otherwise; and in that assertion I believe I had the token of concurrence from every gentleman on the platform.

I am yours very truly,
WILLIAM GUEST.

Leeds, Sept. 25.

REPLY BY PARKER PILLSBURY, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Scottish Press.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for inserting in your excellent paper the reasons given by the Rev. Mr. May, of Boston, why American Abolitionists hold their anti-slavery meetings on the first as well as on other days of the week.

In your last, I see a reply to Mr. May from Rev. Mr. Guest, of Leeds; but as neither that excellent gentleman nor myself can have any wish or reason for a newspaper controversy on the Sabbath question, if you will just allow me to correct a few misapprehensions into which some people who read his remarks may fall, I will dismiss the subject.

It is a serious mistake when Mr. Guest says that "with the American Anti-Slavery Society *there can be no objection of conscience to giving way on this matter of the Sabbath.*"

They have the same objection that any true minister would have and should have to giving up the best day of all the seven—that day which *custom* and *usage* (if not God himself) have set apart as the great opening and hearing, giving and receiving instruction-day—when more can be done, and is done, to influence the public mind and heart than on all the other days of the week—the day, especially, when more *pro-slavery* religion is proclaimed than on all other days besides. The American Abolitionists could not surrender that day without incurring the deepest guilt.

As to the "*political aspects*" of which Mr. Guest speaks, I leave them to be settled by what are called "*political Abolitionists.*" The true Abolitionists see no more impropriety in their proclaiming their doctrines upon slavery than every British dissenting minister must feel in preaching his religion, while, in his government, the State and Church, the religion and the laws, the Bible and the constitution, are all sustained and united under the same authority, with the same appeal and the same executing power.

Mr. Guest alludes to some who *might* "let the sheep lie in the pit all the six days, and choosing the Sabbath on which to lift it out." Of course he does not charge the Abolitionists with any such absurdity. No day in the seven, or hour in the twenty-four, is unimproved by them. Their peculiar mission is to "preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound"; and no day, in their judgment, is too holy for such a work.

If my respected frend Mr. Guest cannot work with us on the first day of the week, let him be faithful on the other six, and he will find the American Abolitionists ever ready, not only to *respect,* but to *defend* his right of conscience. But let not those of his persuasion attempt, on the other hand, to abridge our right of conscience in this matter. American ministers occasionally preach anti-slavery, temperance, and sometimes peace, on Sunday—shall not we? Is it innocent in them, and a sin in us? It is not often so considered in our country—I hope it is not generally so held in Great Britain. Yours, Mr. Editor, only for the true and the right,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

Glasgow, 30th Sept., 1854.

ANNEXATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

WE have, from various sources, late, reliable and important information in regard to the pending treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. Our readers will remember the intelligence which we published on this subject a few weeks since, viz.: That a treaty had been informally agreed to between the Government of the Islands on the one hand, and Mr. Gregg, the American Agent, on the other; that on the transfer being perfected, an annuity was to be paid to the Royal Family and the leading Nobles; and that annexation was generally popular with residents and natives, and only strenuously opposed by Prince Alexander, the heir apparent, a few of his immediate associates, and a portion of the European merchants and residents of the Islands.

This opposition threatened to defeat the project. The Prince was implacable—the real, but not the avowed, cause of his hostility being based upon the fact that while travelling in this country, a few years since, and when on board of a New York and Boston steamboat, *he was not permitted to take a seat at the supper-table on account of his colour!* The officious steward who passed this indignity upon the Prince little dreamed that its remembrance would constitute the chief difficulty in the way of securing a new State to the Union. Yet such is the fact; and it is no secret in Honolulu. That insult still rankles in the breast of the Prince. He would prefer to have the Islands pass into the hands of England, where prejudice is less potent, and from whom he could hope to retain his titles and dignities, which he seems to hold in greater esteem than the annuity which annexation to the United States would secure to him. This, also, is well understood, although it has not, probably, been officially promulgated.

Events have recently transpired, however, which will change the whole current of the Prince's thoughts, and secure his powerful support for the very treaty which he has thus far strenuously opposed. During the early part of September, the English Consul at Honolulu received a despatch from his Government, directing him to inform the King that, *in the event of any disturbance in the islands, he would receive no aid from the English Government, whose entire resources were required for the prosecution of the war with Russia.* This despatch had not been communicated to the King as late as the 15th of September, as His Majesty had *lived too high* during the preceding week to be presentable. But it soon would be communicated, and it was believed that would have an important influence, not merely upon the mind of the King, but upon that of the Prince, who had relied with great confidence upon the assistance of the English Government in the event of an effort to *compel* him to acquiesce in the treaty. But as he was absent from the seat of Government, it was not positively known how he would be affected by the intelligence.

It had, moreover, produced a marked change in the views of the English, German and other residents who, like the Prince, had opposed annexation. Many of them, we are assured, immediately became as strenuously in favour as they had been previously opposed to the treaty; and they now frankly declare that if they cannot count upon the protection of the Lion of England, they are ready to place themselves under the wings of the American Eagle.

Thus matters stood as late as the middle of September. The only point of difference remaining between our agent and the Hawaiian Government appears to be in regard to the time and manner of the admission. The Government desire to have practical annexation deferred for a year or eighteen months, so that, in the meantime, a republican form of government may be adopted, so that at the end of that period the Islands may come in as a full fledged State. But Mr. Gregg, acting under instructions probably, desires annexation to be immediate, as a Territory, after which a State Constitution may be formed by the people. He urges this mode of annexation on the ground that if the other course should be attempted, designing men might prevent the adoption of a constitution embodying the principles of republicanism, as understood in this country. This, however, is quite improbable. The people of the Islands, and particularly those who conduct the Government, would take care that no such apprehended result would follow. But, after all, this is a point of but little importance; and should not, and will not, probably, be allowed to interfere with the only real question pending—the annexation, in some form, of the Islands to the United States.

The Minister of Finance, Mr. Allen, who was a Boston lawyer; the Minister of Foreign Relations, Mr. Wylie, a Scotchman, and formerly a merchant at Mazatlan; and the Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Armstrong, formerly a clergyman from Pennsylvania, all concur with the King in their desire to have the Islands annexed as a State—principally to avoid the agitation of the question of slavery, which they apprehend may come up if they pass through the territorial crucible. It is possible that the motives of those entertaining these conflicting views are not altogether disinterested. Indeed, it is supposed that Mr. Gregg would be very well pleased with his appointment of governor during the territorial interim; while one or the other of the Ministers are presumed to have their eye on the same office, which they believe attainable if the people are permitted to elect. These, however, are mere conjectures, but they are not at all improbable.

But to whatever details the personal aspirations of those who have a voice in the preliminary adjustment of this question may incline them, annexation is deemed a "fixed fact." This has been determined upon by the people, and they will accomplish their wish, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must," unless some other power than the Hawaiian Government shall interpose to prevent what is so ardently desired. But no one supposes that it will be necessary to resort to force; for the Chiefs know very well that if annexation should be preceded by a revolution, they would lose not only their promised rich annuities, but their vast landed possessions, now worthless, but which, in the event of annexation, would become to them mines of wealth.

Just previous to our last advices, the British Consul had secured an audience with the King, and a messenger was forthwith despatched for Prince Alexander, by his order, for the immediate return of the Prince, and every one in the secrets of the Government, were confident that the treaty would be signed in a very few days after his return; because, when he left on his journey, the policy of the English Government now developed, had not transpired; and, as he depended upon the assistance of that Government to avert annexation to the United States, he will, it is believed, on seeing the futility of that hope, no longer combat "destiny." Our readers may, therefore, very soon expect to be called upon to hail the accession of this Island State to the American Republic.

From The Boston Chronicle.

By a recent private letter from Honolulu we learn that a messenger will leave that city very soon for Washington with a treaty of annexation, which has been drawn up in proper form, but not yet signed, as Judge Lee, who was directed by our Government to witness the signatures of the instrument in question, has been obliged to absent himself from Honolulu on account of ill health, and consequently has not been able as yet to attend to the duty assigned to him.

The treaty is to be signed by all the Chiefs, and they are each to receive a pension, which ceases with the death of the recipient, with the exception of the pension to be paid to the King, which is to be transferred to Alexander, in case he shall survive His Majesty. It is understood that the whole amount to be paid in pensions will be somewhere from three to four hundred thousand dollars per annum.

The property belonging to the present Government of the Islands is to be purchased outright by our Government for a fixed sum.

The above items of intelligence may be relied upon as correct, as they come from the highest authority.

From The Baltimore Sun, November 17.

The Sandwich Islands will be annexed before the 4th of March next. England never seriously opposed the annexation, and the Emperor of the French, having shown his independence in refusing Mr. Soule a passage through France, will not seriously oppose our taking possession of the Pearl of the Pacific. We can waive ceremony in return for substantial politeness.

MIXED COMMISSION FOR AMERICAN CLAIMS.

IT may not be generally known that there is at this time sitting, in London, a Mixed Commission, appointed under the Convention of 1853, for the settlement of outstanding claims between Great Britain and America, arising out of the late war, and some others. The Commissioner for the United States is Judge Upham; the Agent, General Thomas. The Commissioner for Great Britain is a Mr. Horsfield; the Agent, Mr. Hannan. The umpire is Joshua Bates, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Baring & Co. The claims are of various kinds; but amongst them are some preferred by Englishmen, who were then trading in the Southern States, and who held slaves which were set free by the British. These claims for slaves thus liberated are said greatly to have annoyed and perplexed the Commission. One of this kind has been presented by a Mr. Potts, a solicitor from Manchester, on behalf of some persons now residing in that city, but whose names we have, as yet, been unable to ascertain. It is for several thousands of pounds. The claimants were settled in Georgia, and the slaves belonging to them were spirited off by the British naval force. Mr. Potts seems to have pressed the case of his clients with singular tenacity, taking exception to every counter-plea brought forward. The British Commissioner has, we understand, submitted the question to the Foreign Office for decision, being himself disinclined to admit the claim. The excitement it occasioned was considerable. Another claim is for the value of seventy-three slaves liberated in Bermuda under the following circumstances:

A vessel called the Enterprise sailed from Alexandria, D. C., on the 23d of January, 1835, bound for for Charleston, S. C., and having on board, besides a cargo of merchandise, seventy-three slaves, with their owner. She was driven by stress of weather into the port of Hamilton, Bermuda, having been three weeks at sea, and being in a leaky condition. The captain intended to refit, and to proceed on his voyage, but, while in port, the slaves were seized and liberated by the authorities of the island.

Claims for compensation were made on the British Government, for the value of these slaves, and various communications have passed on the subject, without result. The whole matter has now been referred to the Commission. Much law and logic have been expended in discussing this claim, the principles insisted upon by the United States' Commissioner being the same as those urged by Mr. Calhoun before the United States Senate, in 1840, when resolutions adopting his views were passed by that body. They are as follows:

"That a vessel on the high seas, in time of peace, engaged in a lawful voyage, is, according to the law of nations, under the *exclusive jurisdiction of the State to which she belongs*; and that, if such vessel is forced, by stress of weather or other unavoidable circumstance, into the port of a friendly power, her country, in such case, loses none of the rights appertaining to her on the high seas, either over the vessel or the personal relations of those on board."

On the other hand, it is contended by the British Government, that, slavery having been abolished in the islands of Bermuda by the Statute 3 and 4 W. IV. cap. 73, passed 28th August, 1833, and the Enterprise being locally within the jurisdiction of the colony subsequent to the coming into operation of that Act, the slaves on board of her were rightfully liberated by virtue of the law. The United States' Commissioner has been extremely industrious in collecting the various authorities, British and American

pipes. The means by which this magnificence is supported are well known to the initiated. Each man in office, from the Pasha downwards, has transactions with some one who has a cause to gain or a favour to demand. The secretary represents to his superior that he is in debt, that the money-lender will wait no longer, and that he must give up his post unless the request of some individual be granted who has promised so many thousand piastres to the speaker for the successful use of his influence. The matter is arranged, and the happy official receives for one corrupt transaction a sum equal perhaps to five years' salary. The discontinuance of a supply of white slaves may perhaps cause no small change in the domestic habits of the Turks; that it will tend to discourage polygamy cannot be doubted. In former times, when the whole Mediterranean coast was swept by the Turkish fleets and the Algerine corsairs, and the wives of the Sultans were not Georgians or Circassians, but Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Venetians, many an inferior satrap possessed a household as large as that of the present Sultan. With the scarcity of the supply, the manners of the people have somewhat mended, and there is reason to hope that, with the utter extinction of the trade, polygamy itself may perhaps fall."—(*London*) *Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

AN INCENDIARY DETECTED—NARROW ESCAPE.

THE good people of Gulliver, a little town in Illinois, were lately favoured with a most providential escape from a danger which, unseen, threatened their peace and security. A man, named Linkinput, from the far South, had located himself among them, and opened a little bookstore. He was peaceable, and apparently well disposed; but one time, in opening a parcel received from his shop, the postmaster, Mr. Keen, observed that the paper in which it was wrapped consisted of several sheets of Fletcher's famous Studies of Slavery! This aroused his suspicions, for it is notorious that these Studies are one continued tissue of falsehood about our free domestic institutions, and a malignant attempt to depreciate the blessings of the hireling system of labour. From that hour, the ever-faithful postmaster kept his eye on the smooth-tongued incendiary, until one day he detected a large package in the office, in Linkinput's handwriting, directed to somebody in Mississippi; he could not make out the name. As it was his duty to forward the letter, he called a few of the prominent citizens of the place in consultation, and the conclusion, in view of all the circumstances, was, that he might break it open, so as to ascertain the precise address. He did so; but what was his horror to find the letter nothing but a basely libellous attack on the whole system of free labour! He immediately laid it before the Mayor, who summoned a meeting of the Corporation to deliberate on the momentous subject, but, Linkinput, getting wind of what was in progress, suddenly left for parts unknown. And it was well he did, for the patriotic ardour of the good People could not have been restrained from making an example of the vile incendiary. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the vigilant postmaster, and too many thanks cannot be rendered to Providence for putting it in the heart of this base villain to wrap his goods in Fletcher's Studies of Slavery. That the reader may see, says the *Gulliver Journal*, what a wonderful escape we have had, we subjoin the following extract from the correspondence. He is writing of a friend who had emigrated from the South to Illinois:

"——— ——— talks as if this place were to be his home for life. He seems pleased with all things—Free Labour not excepted. Indeed, he is so far gone as to talk of the superiority of the cash to the lash system. In fact, he is becoming just as sordid as the hireling system itself. For Northern men, born and educated under this accursed system, I can have some sympathy and respect—they don't know any better; but my whole soul rises up against one of those men from the land of Chivalry who, after having enjoyed the benefits of the patriarchal institution, give up their principles and become the apologists of this damnable system of hireling labour."

The *Journal* apologizes for defiling its columns with such fanatical and incendiary stuff, and adds that the Mayor has proclaimed a day of thanksgiving on account of this Providential deliverance of the town of Felicity from the machinations of a Slavery emissary.

If the account be true—but we confess it seems to us not sufficiently authenticated—it shows that the Northern People are becoming almost as vigilant and brave in the defence of their peculiar institutions as their brethren of the South are in defence of theirs.—*National Era.*

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE SLAVES.

ON reading the late correspondence of Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, in which he speaks so hopefully of the piety of a large portion of our Southern slaves, I have been reminded of a few facts recently gathered by myself at the South, touching the same matter. I became somewhat familiar with the state of the churches, and of the blacks connected with them, in many of the cities and villages throughout the Southern Atlantic States. In these churches, the number of blacks in attendance was generally small, not one-fifth of the whole population. In some cases the proportion was greater. Often did I see them in groups, on horseback and on foot, roaming about the woods and fields, or congregated in barns and sheds, and "having a good time of it." The Sabbath was a day of freedom from toil, and of the afternoon especially they made a right merry holiday. The preaching which those heard who attended church was frequently above their comprehension, and poorly adapted to their wants. They manifested the greatest interest in the closing appeals of the sermon, and often, evidently without understanding the subject considered, shouted "Amen!" "Oh! yes!" "Bress de Lawd!" They showed great delight in the singing, and, when permitted to do so, joined zealously in it, often raising their voices above those of the choir, and throwing in slurs and accidentals and original passages *ad libitum*. Seats were commonly assigned them in the gallery, where they sat in rows close together, frequently swaying back and forth as their feelings were wrought upon by the sermon, or by single expressions in it.

A clergyman in one of the Southern cities, himself a slaveholder, who takes a great interest in the welfare of the blacks, and preaches regularly to a coloured congregation, told me that often, on coming out of the pulpit, the negroes would meet him, saying: "Massa, I thank you for that sermon; it was just the doctrine I wanted to hear." And on his replying that he was "glad that 'Uncle' was interested," and asking what doctrine in particular pleased him, the negro would respond: "O massa, thus and so," something entirely foreign to the subject he had been trying hard to unfold to his hearers! The poor man had evidently caught up some word or sentence which interested him and forgot all the rest.

Another clergyman, a Southerner in all his interests and prejudices, told me that *he could not in charity believe that one-half of those slaves who professed to be pious were really so.* He said that they were mostly believers in baptismal regeneration; were very desirous to get baptized, by immersion as a favourite mode, thinking then they had nothing more to do, and might live afterward as they pleased. It is very common for them to practice theft, profanity, licentiousness, falsehood, and other vices, and yet claim to be pious. And it is almost impossible to make them feel that such conduct is sinful. Their religious opinions, so far as they have any, are vague and largely mixed up with superstition. Nor, perhaps, is this very much to be wondered at, since the law forbids their reading the Bible and all other books, and so shuts out all mental cultivation. And yet it is pleasant and probably safe to hope that, in spite of all these wrongs, in the midst of all this ignorance, many become wise unto salvation. That so many and so great obstacles are thrown in the way of their moral and religious improvement is a thing deeply to be deplored, and one which it is to be hoped that conscientious men at the North will never cease to be "distressed about."—VERITAS.—*Independent.*

COLOURED PEOPLE WANTED.—The coloured population are suddenly in demand. Despised and maltreated generally, there is all at once a call for them. The call to Liberia is always open—it is not louder now than it has been for years. But shortly since, a project was on foot to induce them to migrate to Demarara to help develop the scarcely guessed-at riches in woods and barks and paper materials of that neglected British province. From another quarter there was a call upon them to rush into Australia, and be at home in that land where the population is not old and uniform enough to agree upon their prejudices. From still another the call was to pour into Kansas and Nebraska. None of these demands seem to find any general favour in their eyes. Liberia certainly gives goodly promise, but there are not many who voluntarily leave free homes here to brave a tropical climate, an acclimation to which not unfrequently costs one his life. Australia and Demarara have many inducements, but it is exceedingly hard for a man to expatriate himself for no better cause than that a neighbour, no better than he, does not fancy his colour. And as for Nebraska, the coloured emigrant can see, without close scrutiny, how a score of obstacles will stand in the way of his success to one that his white neighbour will encounter. Voluntary Emigration never has been the common custom of Africans. They like best to grow up where they were born. Probably Providence has no objections to their doing so—if we may judge from facts—and it will come to pass at last, no doubt, that it will not be necessary for a coloured man to possess virtue, talent, and industry enough to fit out any two respectable white men, before he can be appreciated as fit to sit on the same bench, except as a waiter, and command an equal share of esteem.—*Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1854.

☞ NINETEENTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.—The Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair will be opened on Wednesday evening, the 6th of December, in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, and will continue during the remainder of the week. The Committee of Arrangements are happy to announce that the attractions of the Fair will, probably, be quite equal to those of any former year. Among the articles offered for sale, will be a large and beautiful assortment of Parian ware, French china, Bohemian glass and Bisque figures; also, a variety of needlework; embroidered scarfs, sacks, bags; toilet, laundry and sofa cushions; ladies' and children's aprons, of various fabrics and patterns; children's dresses, hoods, hosiery, etc., etc.

A large assortment of stationery, including some of a very superior quality. Books, of various kinds; among them, a large number for children.

The toy table promises its usual attractions to our little friends, in dolls, miniature furniture, and playthings in abundance.

It is impossible to enumerate, in an advertisement, even the *varieties* of articles which we offer for sale at our approaching Fair. We believe that those who visit our Bazaar will be amply repaid for their expenditure of time and money. Our articles are offered at market prices, and it is the wish of the Committee that purchasers should receive an equivalent for their money.

We respectfully invite the patronage of the public; assuring them that, without any extra outlay of money, they may supply themselves, at our Bazaar, with articles which they must and will buy at this season, and thus enjoy the consciousness of aiding a philanthropic enterprise.

The profits of the Fair will be devoted to the publication and circulation of anti-slavery principles, through newspapers, tracts, lectures, etc.

Admission Fee—For a single visit, 25 cts.; Season Tickets, 50 cts.; Children, half-price. M. G.

☞ DONATIONS TO THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.—Persons to whom Circulars have been sent, requesting donations to this Fair, and all others who are willing to contribute to it, are respectfully and earnestly requested to send in their contributions without delay.

Gifts of money or of marketable commodities will be gratefully received. They may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North 5th st., Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee. Donors are requested to send their names with their gifts, and, also, to mark the retail prices upon articles which they send.

Our friends in the country will, we trust, remember our request for the produce of their farms and gardens.

Such donations may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, at any time, as they will always command a ready sale.

Let the Evergreens, also; be remembered. Our friends have always supplied us abundantly with these needful ornaments of our Saloon, and we doubt not that they will be as prompt to aid us as heretofore.

Please send in your gifts as soon as possible. M. G.

DR. ADAMS'S BOOK ON SLAVERY.

REJOICE with us, friends and neighbours; for we have found the sheep which we had—not been able to find, in many previous years of diligent seeking. After long calling to the vasty deep, we have raised a spirit which speaks more intelligibly, at least, if not to better purpose, than most of the modern "spirits." Our adversary has written a book, containing an elaborate PLAN, which unites in one grand combination the constitutional, scriptural, amicable and (can we doubt?) successful treatment of the difficulties connected with slavery. He feels a conviction "that he can afford some help" in this matter. Let us sit at his feet and learn. After having so long demanded of the objectors to *anti*-slavery that they should do, or begin, or at least suggest, something better, we can do no less than seriously consider what has now come from that quarter.

Everybody has read, and nobody has forgotten, the correspondence between the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, and Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, which, by favour of the latter gentleman, recently appeared in the newspapers. This correspondence, prompted by a desire on Dr. Adams's part "to relieve honest, conscientious people who are distressed about slavery," declared itself to be preliminary to a book shortly to be published, with the same purpose and tendency. Accordingly, we have now (published, by Theophilus R. Marvin, of Boston) "A South-Side View of Slavery: or, Three Months at the South, in 1854: By Nehemiah Adams, D.D."

The authorship of this book is in every way such as we could desire, in answer to the standing call, above hinted at, for a plan from our opponents, better than *our* plan of immediate, universal, unconditional, *individual* emancipation; that is, emancipation bestowed at once, by each slaveholder, upon those whom *he* has held in bondage. The author is a clergyman, eminent for piety as well as gravity, full of faith and good *words*, an opposer of the "higher law," yet preeminently a Bible man, and also a Webster man, and a firm defender of the Constitution, of the laws (while they are laws), and of the Union. He has now given us the PLAN, and it is our part to consider it, and, if possible, profit by it.

The author commenced his voyage to the South with some *rather* remarkable expectations. He felt (p. 11) a "confident expectation of seeing at the landing, or in passing through the marketplace, a figure like the common touching vignette of a naked negro on one knee, with manacled hands raised imploringly and saying, 'Am I not a man and a brother?'" He "felt sure that (he) should see, on landing, the whole black population *cowed down*. This best expresses, in a word (his) expectation" (p. 14). He had fixed in his mind (p. 160) "the image of Topsy as the exponent of coloured children," and "expected to find, in those black children, imps, Shakspeare's Calibans and Flibbertigibbets, a provoking, disgusting brood." On landing (p. 15), "one thing immediately surprised (him)"; the slaves who were taking away the trunks "were all in good humour, and some of them in a broad laugh." "My theory was that they (the slaves, p. 28) ought to be perpetually unhappy. I tried to persuade myself that they were." Yet, he supposes (p. 13) that he "had, at least, the average amount of information and ignorance with regard to the subject."

The following little incident (p. 205) is by no means "average." It is a first-rate specimen, either of simplicity or art, in the narrator, and good evidence of sagacious reading of character on the part of a slave. Dr. A. had been "speaking of heaven" to one of the slaves, in the woods, and then "ventured to put the question whether he would like to be free."

Good reader, did you ever see Dr. Adams? Fancy *such* a question, *so* prefaced, proceeding from his solemn and intensely clerical countenance, supported by a white neck-cloth, and (even supposing he had *not* just come from dining with the master, at the great house) what answer could you rationally expect from the ordinary amount of sagacity, and the ordinary reverence for truth, which a slave acquires on a plantation? Here is his answer.

"Twisting the withes of old grape vines around the ends of rails in mending a fence, *he thought a moment, turned his face towards me*, while he held a rail, half-tied, in its place, and, emphasizing his words with motions of his head, he replied, each word being deliberately separated from the rest: 'I want to be free from my sins; them's all my burden; and if I can get that, the balance of the rest may go from me.'" After leaving him, Mr. Adams heard his voice raised in a *psalm tune*. We really think that there the person met his match. If that slave *was* planning an elopement before morning, he had thoroughly provided against any suspicion that night.

Take one more specimen of double-refined simplicity *or* art, and then we will proceed to Dr. Adams's *plan*. "It is deeply affecting to hear the slaves give thanks in their prayers"—*in presence of a white supervisor, without whom they are not allowed to hold any religious meetings*—"that they have not been left like the heathen who know not God, but are raised, as it were, to heaven in their Christian privileges" (p. 207).

Before proceeding, however, to the main purpose of the book, it will be well to give a few specimens of Dr. Adams's consummate skill in euphemism, the art of describing objectionable things in elegant language. The reader will thus learn not only how slavery impressed Dr. Adams, but how Dr. Adams desires to impress him, in relation to it.

He does not shrink from making this frank admission (p. 34). "Life on the cotton plantation is, in general, *as severe* with the coloured people as agricultural life at the North." And what gives to plantation life this measure of severity is "the *continuity of labour* from February to the last part of December." We have no doubt of it.

"Probably every Northerner feels, on seeing the negro cabins, that he could make them *apparently* more comfortable, on almost every plantation" (p. 37). And again—"the cabins *will* strike every one disagreeably *at first*." This also may safely be admitted.

"It is well for themselves that the blacks do not have *the temptations* which the liberty of testifying against the whites would give them" (p. 40). Our readers will recollect that slave churchmembers are no more allowed to testify against a white man before a church than before a court, and that Southern ministers have very strenuously resisted the admission of such testimony—perhaps mindful of the *temptation* their female slaves would have to testify against them.

Reader, have you any prejudices in favour of trial by jury, or of an accused person having counsel, and a trial, before he is punished? Meditate on the following (p. 41) and be instructed. "Prevention of crime among the lower class of society is one striking feature of slavery. Day and night, every one of them is amenable to a master. If ill-disposed, he has his own policeman in his owner. Thus three millions of the labouring class of our population are in a condition most favourable to preservation from crimes against society." This explains the fact that thieving is never practised by slaves. Now, hear the Doctor's practical inference from his statement above. "It would be a benefit to some of our immigrants at the North, and to society, if government could *thus* prevent or reach disturbances of the peace *through masters, overseers*, or guardians." And now hear his lamentation! "But we cannot rival in our police measures the beneficial system of the South, in its distributive agencies to prevent burglary and arson."

Our last quotations occur in the book under the general heading, "Favourable appearances in Southern society, and in slavery." Here is another of them (p. 47). "Pauperism is prevented by slavery." This reminds one of the infallible means of preventing hydrophobia in a dog, namely, to cut his tail off close behind his ears. But the author proceeds to a minuter specification of the advantages of the slave. "He cannot be thrust into an alms-house"—a blessing which he shares with the entire population of Africa, China, Hindostan and Terra del Fuego—"he cannot become a vagrant"—because the bloodhounds would be after him—"he cannot beg his living"—because there is no nutriment in kicks or cowhides.

The last section of the same chapter is entitled, "Religious Instruction." After telling us that "Religion has gained wonderful ascendancy among this people," Dr. Adams describes one of their prayer meetings. "A *white brother* presided, *as the law requires*, and read a portion of Scripture; but the slaves conducted the meeting. It was touching to hear one man say" (in presence of the white spy above mentioned, who was there expressly to see that their religion had no intermixture of liberty), "Bless our dear masters and brothers, who come here to read the Bible to us, and *pay so much attention to us.*" The reverend observer then proceeds to remark, with an air of neither knowing nor suspecting the *cause* of the reserve he mentions, "I never perceived in their prayers anything that reminded me of their condition as slaves. They made no allusion to sorrows but those which are spiritual."

Dr. Adams is so delighted with the beneficial spiritual results of forbidding the slaves to learn to read, that he recommends a similar course to foreign missionaries. "The acquaintance of the slaves with the Word of God is, to a great extent, *through oral instruction*; yet, in all that constitutes Christian excellence, and that knowledge of God which comes directly from him, they have no superiors. It is an encouragement to all missionaries among the heathen not to make literature or theoretical instruction, even in religion, take precedence of simple preaching" (p. 57).

Does any tender conscience still question the propriety of a law forbidding three millions of immortal beings to read the Bible? Dr. Adams promptly *relieves* him with the information that "the laws forbidding their being publicly taught to read are retained in order to be used against those who teach them *from motives of interference.* But these laws, so far as they restrict the liberty of the citizen in giving instruction, are privately disregarded" (p. 56). Yes, Mrs. Margaret Douglass, of Virginia, disregarded those laws, and was fined and imprisoned for it. But, reader, only think of Mr. Pease's ragged school in New York, or Mr. Barnard's in Boston, being prohibited by law, for fear the ignorant should be taught "from motives of interference"; and then imagine an orthodox clergyman supporting the prohibition!

Did space permit, we should much prefer to go on as we have begun, quoting Dr. Adams in full, with references. But even a selection of the richest parts of the book would require four times our present space. Suffice it to say, that he congratulates the slave on having all his hard thinking done for him by another, on being relieved from the necessity of planning and contriving, and on having his hands filled with *useful and honourable* employment; assures us that in many cases slaves do not suffer from being sold at auction so much as is supposed; that the charge of "vilely multiplying negroes in Virginia" is an exaggeration, and that maternal attachments in slave mothers are generally short-lived, in fact, resembling those of the hen and partridge; and he seriously advises (p. 80), "Let us not require too much of slavery: let us not insist that the slaves shall never be separated, and their families broken up."

He is very solicitous to know what could be done with the blacks in the event of emancipation, and declares that even the North could not agree how they should be disposed of—as if it were the business of the North, or of anybody, but the freedmen themselves. He pities Southern ladies who, when they meet insolence or disobedience in their slaves, have not our easy means of relief, in dismissing them at once. 'Poor souls! they *must* either have them punished, or continue to bear with them, or sell them, as incorrigible, to the slave-trader.

The most common expression at the South, even among slaveholders, about slavery, is, "It is a great curse." They use this expression, not only without the wish to be rid of slavery, but, with an energy of determination, increasing to frantic rage when opposed, that they will never release their grasp upon it. Dr. Adams uses this expression, and many similar ones, which mean just as much and just as little in his mouth as in those of the slaveholders just mentioned. He talks just enough against what he calls the abuses of slavery to gain a plausible position from which to defend its substance and essence.

He quotes, as if he believed it, the preposterous declaration of one whom he calls an intelligent slaveholder, that "unquestionably four-fifths of the people of his State, one of the oldest slave States, would be entirely free from slavery *if it were possible.*" What is to prevent that proportion of the population from either voting it down collectively or emancipating individually, with such a public sentiment to sustain them?

Under the head of "Approaches to Emancipation," Dr. Adams quotes "that most remarkable document adopted by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, in 1818," which, after saying many things against slavery (in the manner of slaveholders abovementioned), expressly permits its indefinite continuance among their members.

He constantly represents the South as having been just on the eve of abolition, from their own conviction of its desirableness to themselves, when they suddenly abandoned that measure of self-indulgence, and have ever since vehemently opposed it, *because* a very small proportion of Northern people thought and said it was also a needful act of justice to the slaves.

Dr. Adams now comes to the great practical question, "What shall we do?"

He thinks dissolution of the Union an absurdity, and its *peaceful* separation an impossibility; but comforts himself with the thought that, should a hostile separation occur, the South would enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain, by which Canada would be closed against fugitive slaves; that the South would have its own tariff, ships, commerce and manufactures, and would revive the foreign slave trade, in connection with privateers from the North, "while British capitalists, descendants of Clarkson and Wilberforce (such is human nature), would no doubt profit by our dissolution of partnership" (p. 117).

Dr. Adams's objections to emancipation are that (pp. 119, 120) "the two distinct races could not live together except by the entire subordination of one to the other; and the blacks, ceasing to be a *protected* class, would fall a prey to *avarice*, suffer *oppression* and grievous wrongs, encounter the rivalry of white immigrants, be exposed through this rivalry to constant broils," and, finally (p. 121), that "Their women would be debased without measure if set free."

Here is Dr. Adams's plan of operations for the future. Since we have been, unjustly as well as unkindly, the assailants of the South, we must return to that simple provision in the Constitution which cemented our confederation. "While it remains (p. 128), all our appeals to a *higher law* are fanaticism." We must prevent and punish all attempts to decoy slaves from their masters; we must begin by being *friends* of the masters, and, therefore, change our manner and tone with regard to the South. "Anything like inviting the South to a compromise on this subject, or obtaining from her a promise that certain things shall be done on certain conditions, is *absurd*" (p. 148). We must not be prejudiced by our associations with the *word* slavery; we may be too impatient with regard to its continuance. "*Is* this system to be utterly abolished? Or can it be that in some form it is connected, in the mysterious purposes of God, with His great plan of good-will toward men, *and especially toward the African race?*" (p. 138.) "A penitential state of mind becomes us. Let it be repeated, we must not seek to obtain from the South any expression in the way of confession, or concession, or promise. Let us adopt the principle that the South is competent to manage the subject of slavery, and straightway cease from all offensive action. We must in some way prevent the annoyance to which Southern travellers are exposed, of having their coloured servants enticed away, *or brought before the courts to be emancipated*" (pp. 156–7). "The South is best qualified to lead the whole country in plans and efforts for the African race. WE WILL FOLLOW HER" (p. 211).

It would be unjust, both to our readers and to Dr. Adams, to pass over his repeated suggestions for a revival of the foreign slave trade. He says (p. 118), after the strongest eulogy of the Colonization Society, "Such have been the marvellous acts of Divine grace to the Africans, in bringing them, through the cupidity and sinfulness of men, to this country, and saving a great multitude of them, that it requires neither strong faith nor fancy to suppose that this work might still go on, in the form of *interchange of the blacks between Africa and the Southern States.*" And again (p. 207), "Could villages and tribes of Africans be *by any means* induced to emigrate to this land, *and be placed under the influence which the slaves enjoy*, Ethiopia would stretch out her hands to God sooner than the most sanguine interpreters of prophecy now dare to hope."

A strong feeling against slavery exists among a certain proportion of people throughout the North; these form by no means the majority in New England, and they are a very small minority in Boston, else Dr. Adams's book would never have been written. Undoubtedly, however, he sees and talks with more or fewer of these. Is it from a touch of fanaticism, or consciously caught from them, or from a supposed sad necessity, as the ship-master throws over some of his cargo in a storm, or as the cautious lawyer abandons certain points of advantage which his client would fain retain, that our worthy divine makes the following exceptions to his proposed continuance of slavery?

"Allowing the blacks to be *necessarily* a serving class, why not always give them a voice in changing those relations?" (p. 75.)

"It would be well if *some* men, and women too, could be debarred by law from having authority over a human being" (p. 92).

"Proper defences for free coloured citizens must be secured" (p. 156).

"*Fraudulent* as we declare the Nebraska measure to have been" (p. 127), &c., &c.

These, and a few other such insinuated interferences with their business, and imputations upon their characters, must grieve the righteous souls of Dr. Adams's beloved white Christian brethren at the South, and may alienate their affections from him. But he has clearly done, for them and for slavery, *what he could.*

THE CANADIAN RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THIS recent treaty bears witness of the unceasing, unwearied watchfulness of the Federal Government over the interests, whether real or imaginary, of the Slave Power. It is not enough that the officers in our Army and Navy shall be apportioned according to the Federal Ratio, whereby a slave State has a larger number than a free State of equal white population; but our very treaties with Foreign States must be passed in obedience to the mandates of the slaveholders.

Not long before the conclusion of the treaty, a discussion arose in the United States Senate in relation to the then existing questions respecting our right of fishing in the British waters; and it was suggested that those questions might be amicably settled by a treaty, granting to each party a reciprocal right of fishing in the waters of the other. A Senator from Florida strenuously opposed the suggestion, on the ground that such a treaty would permit the West India negroes to fish on the Southern coasts. The conversation dropped, but its purpose was answered, for our doughfaced President had received his cue. It was clearly understood that British subjects with black complexions were not to appear in southern waters, and yet *all our* citizens must acquire the right of fishing in the British waters. Now, how was this to be effected? Great Britain would of course refuse to insult her West India subjects by excluding them from the benefits of the treaty, and the very request to do so would subject us to a positive and most likely a discourteous rebuke. But Yankee ingenuity was equal to the emergency. So adroitly and quietly was the desired object accomplished that, probably, neither the British Negotiator nor his Government was aware of the purport of the stipulation agreed on; and it is believed that not even an anti-slavery paper at the North has noticed Mr. Pierce's contrivance for protecting his southern friends from propinquity with *coloured* fishermen. The II. Article of the Treaty contains the following stipulation, viz.:

"It is agreed by the high contracting parties, that British subjects shall have, in common with the citizens of the United States, the liberty to take fish of every kind, except shell fish, on the Eastern coasts and shores of the United States, *north of the thirty-sixth parallel of North Latitude.*"

Why British subjects may not take fish *south* of this parallel is not stated; nor have we been informed by what arguments the British Negotiator was induced to consent that the privilege granted to his countrymen should be limited by this parallel. Most probably it was pretended that the coast north of this parallel was equal in extent to the Canadian coast opened to American fishermen. The *true* reason of the restriction was, to save the chivalry from the terrifying vision of coloured men pursuing an independent vocation in sight of their plantations, and protected by treaty from insult and outrage.

MOVE TO MEND AN INDICTMENT.

THE Rev. Dewey, in an address before a Society in Boston, takes occasion to refer again to the charge, now some four years old, that he avowed his readiness to send his mother into slavery in a certain contingency. Now, it was not his mother, he declares, but merely a brother, whom he was willing to pitch into that abyss, and the purpose of such heroism on his part—he does not intimate that he should go through the formality of consulting his brother—would be, not to show obedience to the Fugitive Slave law, but to save the Union. In a recent criminal case, in this city, the counsel of the prisoner argued that the Court ought not to send the accused to Sing Sing, though clearly guilty of the crime laid to his charge, because he was a gentleman of respectability. Dr. Dewey makes the same claim in mitigation of judgment, and asks triumphantly how anybody can believe that he, a "respectable person," could have said he would send his mother into bondage when he declares he did not, notwithstanding the evidence of several persons that he *did*? The principle is not altogether a new one in the practice of jurisprudence, but we do not remember ever to have seen it so boldly avowed before as a theory.

But suppose the Court admits the motion for amendment of the indictment, and receives Dr. Dewey's acknowledgment that it was his brother only that he would make a slave, and not his mother—what then? If it were a thing which it would be well to do, of course its merit would be enhanced if the sacrifice were the greater—if to lay a brother on the altar should be imputed to him for righteousness, so much the more should he command admiration if his mother were made the victim. But the Doctor is horrified at the imputation that he could condemn his mother to such a fate, and repels with indignation the thought which has rankled like a poisoned wound in his bosom for four long years. Then, by his own confession, was he guilty of a great sin, for that which would be shocking and impious as toward a parent, could not be innocent and meritorious as toward her child and his brother. It is curious to see into what dark and tortuous ways an obliquity of moral vision may lead an otherwise clear-sighted man. The Dr. has been shocked, not at his own inherent deformity, but at the reflection which has been held up before him in the public mind. When it is shown him that his declaration now—taking it for granted that it be correct—is only a lesser enormity, but not otherwise differing from the first charge against him, he will be as much shocked at that as at this, and will be disposed again to throw off the imputation, perhaps, by declaring that it was not 'mother' that he said, nor yet 'brother,' but only *another* in only a vague and general sense. It is a pity he had not, before he made any defence, turned up the word 'mother' in a Rhyming Dictionary.

Dr. Dewey also assured his hearers, in Boston, that he detests all Fugitive Slave laws, and that his declaration had no reference to the return of a fugitive under the act of 1850. It is painful to see such a quibble, even in Dr. Dewey. The whole discussion of slavery and the Union, in 1850, turned upon the simple point of obedience to the act of that year. Allegiance to slavery was the bond of union, then as now, and it was for the sake of union that Dr. Dewey, according to his present assertion, was willing to yield up to slavery one so near and dear to his heart. Whether it was to return to slavery, under the act, one a slave already, or whether it was to make a slave of one now a freeman, matters little as to the essential rightfulness or wrongfulness of Dr. Dewey's declaration. If we grant him that he fulfils a patriotic and a Christian duty, in surrendering his friends to bondage, for the Union's sake, we can easily yield our 'prejudices' against any Fugitive Slave Act. Nor can we see how he can detest any such act, while calmly contemplating a life of slavery as desirable for anybody, on any plea whatever. But how absurd it is to argue a point so self-evident. The simple fact is, that a price was paid for a Chaplaincy at Washington. The first smack of the flowing wine-cup was sweet, and the first fumes lit up the brain with a pleasant fire. But repentance and the head-ache have come after the debauch.

S. ARNOLD DOUGLAS.—The Rev. Mr. Bradford, a *Free Presbyterian*, gives in the journal of that name an account of what he saw and heard at a meeting held in Warren County, Ill., assembled to hear a speech from the defeated author of the Nebraska bill. The Senator mounted a dry-goods box and called upon Chief Justice Williams, of Iowa, to open the meeting by singing the "Star-spangled Banner." The Judge, with a voice "deplorably cracked by age and effort," "made sad havoc" of the music; a call upon the audience to join in the chorus failing to elicit a note! Douglas spoke for three hours. Among his auditors was Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, formerly an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, now the President of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and one of the strongest men at the West. This gentleman propounded a few questions, which made Douglas rage like a tiger in his den. He called Mr. B. a liar, and implied that he was a hypocrite; and when informed by one near him who Mr. B. was, he used the coarsest billingsgate. After recovering from this paroxysm of rage, he proceeded in his argument rather mildly, until a little Irishman in the crowd spoke up and asked him something about his slaves. This raised the tiger a second time, and he poured out a volley of abuse on the Irishman's head, which made him fairly quail.

On another occasion, Mr. Blanchard replied to Douglas, demolishing him more successfully than any one else had done. The encounter was the more interesting from the fact that they were both emigrants from the same town in Vermont.

Mr. Bradford describes Douglas as a short, thick man, with a stentorian voice, and a countenance indicating low, vulgar and debased propensities. He appears to hate all that is holy and true and good, and loves to jeer the Abolitionists, who flock to hear him, for their "nigger likings." Whether to please the "Egyptians" in the lower part of the State, whence he had just come, or from habit, his personal appearance was very shabby. He appeared to be addicted to the use of both brandy and tobacco, and, taking him all in all, seemed better fitted to act the part of a political rowdy in Kentucky than a Senator of a free State. He makes no secret of saying that Pierce's administration is doomed, and he seems to have a presentiment that his own fate is sealed also.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, Nov. 19, 1854.

OLIVER JOHNSON—*My Dear Friend:* The *Standard* complains that I have done it "great injustice." What did I say of it? I said that it "was very ill-natured toward me," because of my speech in Congress on the Mexican Treaty. I said nothing else of it, and intimated nothing else of it; and I add that I never suspected, until now, that I should be, or could be, otherwise construed.

It comes, then, to this—that if the *Standard* "was very ill-natured toward me," on the occasion referred to, I did not wrong it; and that if it was not, then I did. Now, what did the *Standard*? Did it, good-naturedly, point out the errors of that speech? Nay, did it condescend to point them out at all? Not one of them. But, on the contrary, condensing its contempt, loathing, abhorrence of the speech into one brief utterance, it declared that it was a speech "not fit to be made."

After all, I may have wronged the *Standard*. I keep no files of newspapers. Possibly it was not the *Standard*, but another newspaper, which made this "very ill-natured" remark. If my memory has failed me, please tell me, that I may make the humble apology which, in that case, will be due from me. With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

Remarks.

We are glad to have Mr. Smith's assurance that the construction of his language which would imply that the STANDARD was among the "anti-slavery papers which spoke very unkindly and very coarsely" of him, and esteemed him as "an open apostate from the holy cause of freedom," is not the *true* construction. All that he meant to say of us was, that we were "very ill-natured toward" him—no more, no less. We hoped this was his meaning, but his language left us in doubt.

The simple question is, *Were* we "ill-natured" toward our friend? Certainly we were not, consciously, in any such mood; nor, upon reverting to what we did and said, can we find anything to justify the accusation. Indeed, we are ready to affirm that, widely as we differ from Mr. Smith on some points, we have never, even for an instant, had any such feeling toward him as that which he attributes to us, but exactly and always the reverse. But let us look at what we did and said.

Mr. Smith thus presents what he regards as the evidence of our "ill-nature": "Did it [the STANDARD], good-naturedly, point out the errors of that speech [the speech on the Mexican Treaty]? Nay, did it condescend to point them out at all? Not one of them. But, on the contrary, condensing its contempt, loathing, abhorrence of the speech into one brief utterance, it declared that it was a speech 'not fit to be made.'" Now, we shall convince our friend that he is entirely mistaken in this. We did not say that the *speech* was "not fit to be made," but only that a certain *portion* of it was of that character; and we left our readers in no doubt as to what passage we referred to, for we not only "pointed it out," but even published it in the most "good-natured" way possible. Here are our words, as they appeared in the STANDARD of July 22d:

"Some of the public journals have commented with no little severity upon one portion of a speech made on the 27th ult., by Gerrit Smith, upon the Gadsden Treaty, wherein he spoke of the annexation of Cuba as a desirable event, even though slavery should not be previously abolished. That our readers may see exactly what Mr. Smith said, we copy the passage alluded to, with enough of the context to explain the meaning. We must express both our surprise and regret that Mr. Smith avowed himself willing, under any circumstances, to admit Cuba into the Union as a slaveholding State. He knows, of course, that such an augmentation of the power of Slavery in the national government would delight the heart of every slave-trader in the land and tend to embarrass the friends of freedom in the North. That he can contemplate the possibility of such an event without serious alarm is strange indeed. We must say that we think that part of his speech was 'not fit to be made' by him."

Following this paragraph was the passage of the speech, which embodied the "error" thus clearly "pointed out." Subsequently (Aug. 19), in order to do Mr. Smith the fullest justice upon a point in respect to which we deemed his opinions erroneous, we copied all that part of his Letter to his Constituents in which he defended the sentiment in question, giving, at the same time, a fair synopsis of the other parts of the document, and making only this "good-natured" commentary:

"His advocacy of Cuban Annexation is a more serious matter, and, as we were among those who expressed both surprise and pain at the sentiment avowed in his speech, we shall copy his vindication of himself on this head entire. In doing so, however, we desire to say that we still hold the opinion that the sentiment which he endeavours to justify was 'not fit' for an Abolitionist either to express or hold. But we are content to let him speak for himself."

And we are content now to let our own words, above quoted, speak for themselves. To us they seem, not an ebullition of "ill-nature," nor the condensation of "contempt, loathing and abhorrence," but a courteous and good-natured, though decided, avowal of dissent from our friend's opinion upon an important point. If, in the performance of our duty as public journalists we are not at liberty to speak thus frankly, then, most certainly, have we always been under a misapprehension as to what belongs to editorial courtesy and decorum. Nor can we honestly retract what we have said. After reading and publishing all Mr. Smith's explanations, we remain of the opinion, that the sentiment conveyed in the words, "*Let Cuba come to us, even if she shall not previously abolish her slavery*," is a sentiment "not fit" to have come from his lips—nor from the lips of any Abolitionist. We are sorry that Mr. Smith, whom we have long esteemed and loved, and whom we still esteem and love as much as ever, should have uttered such words. They have done nothing but mischief. In his own mind, doubtless, they stand connected with views which, if he could only succeed in placing them on a level with the world's comprehension, might render them harmless. But we frankly confess that his philosophy of civil government, as interpreted by his words and acts, is to us "a' a muddle, a' a muddle." Perhaps we shall be wiser at some future day.

THE TRACT FUND.—We again call attention to this important measure, while, at the same time, we have the satisfaction of stating, as the "acknowledgments" show, that a good beginning is already made in the necessary provision of funds. We hope yet to see, however, a much more general response to the Circular of the Committee; and, though we would not say a word to check the larger donations which naturally come first—and the longer they come, the better—we trust that the multitude of people who can well afford to give from one to five dollars, and even

defended this doctrine. It is from that periodical—June number for 1845—that these extracts are taken. Of course, the Fugitive Slave law was not the statute then under Review! Armed RESISTANCE to the Power of the Federal Government was officially recommended by the Governor of South Carolina, when the Millocrats of the New England States threatened to pass their equally unconstitutional "Bill of Abominations." You know what the culinary proverb says. I will paraphrase it thus: what's truth for the Tariff Bill is truth for the Fugitive Slave law!

Free Men of the North—unfurl the Southern Banner of Nullification! RESIST the Fugitive Slave law! "Better far," as South Carolina once humourously said, "Better far that the Territories of the States be the cemetery of Free Men than the habitation of slaves!"

The *Southern Quarterly Review* for the same year, in an ably written piece of sophism on Mr. Hoar's mission, has left on record this "unconstitutional" opinion:

"An unconstitutional decision of a Judge is no authority; and, even if confirmed by the highest judicatory in the land, viz., the Supreme Court of the United States, it would still be no authority—no law which any one of the States would be bound to recognise. An unconstitutional law is no law—it is null and void—and the same is true of a Judge's decision, given against the supreme law."

But I must not quote further; or perhaps Charles Sumner will secretly dislike me for proving him to be a plagiarist.

South Carolina, by the voice of one of her most popular sons, has demonstrated that the Fugitive Slave Law is an unconstitutional enactment.

In a message to the Legislature of South Carolina on the Mission of Mr. Hoar, Governor Wilson spoke thus—and his opinion was enthusiastically endorsed both by the politicians and press of the State. He said:

"There should be a spirit of concert and of action among the slaveholding States, and a determined resistance to any violation of their LOCAL INSTITUTIONS. The crisis seems to have arrived when we are called upon to protect ourselves. The President of the United States and his law adviser, so far from resisting the efforts of foreign ministry, appear to be disposed, by an argument drawn from the overwhelming powers of the General Government, to make us the passive instruments of a policy at war not only with our interests, but destructive also of our national existence. The EVILS of slavery have been visited upon us by the cupidity of those who are now the champions of universal emancipation. To resist, at the threshold, every invasion of our domestic tranquillity, and to preserve our independence as a State, is strongly recommended; and if an appeal to the first principles of the right of self-government is disregarded, and reasons be successfully combatted by sophistry and error, there would be more glory in forming a rampart with our bodies on the confines of our territory than to be the victims of a successful rebellion, or the slaves of a great consolidated government."

Slavery, then, is admitted to be a LOCAL Institution and—an Evil. Over Local Institutions the Individual States alone, and not Congress, have been invested with authority by the Federal Compact. *Ergo*, to obey the Fugitive Slave law's requirements is to violate the Constitution. Northerners! in the name of our Fathers who framed that glorious Instrument; for the sake of humanity, with whose hopes (on Fourths) we are often told it is laden; for our sacred UNION'S sake, do not violate the Constitution, then; Resist, if necessary, aye, Resist to the death, the execution of that unconstitutional law; for if, as Cass, and Webster, and (white) Douglas & Co., have repeatedly declared—if you violate the Constitution, you dissolve the Union! Don't do that! Let our rallying cry be, "Garrison to the Devil—our Union of States (and our breed of bloodhounds) must and shall be preserved!"

—Who, then, shall be judge of Unconstitutional Law? The States, not Congress, says the South.

Has Congress power over Local Institutions? By no manner of means, replies the South.

Is Slavery a Local Institution? Yes, says the South—until it is convenient to cry No!

Thus, "out of their own mouths" have Southerners recommended to the North Resistance—resistance to the death—to the Fugitive Slave law and all other iniquitous enactments.

II.....THE CHIEF OF THE LIES.

It is the right of Might to rule the weak. The Institution of Slavery is an embodiment of this Lie. Like all other great Falsehoods, it is supported by a Legion of lesser Lies. Slavery's body-guard is daily decreasing. *Her most powerful ally was recently swept away by the New York Tribune's articles on the Commercial Value of the Union.* The next in rank could easily be demolished as effectually as it was; and to its destruction the whole force of our Society should be directed at once. Kill this Lie, and Slavery will be compelled to fall back into the Realms of Cant. With Fact for us and Religion with us, who could stand against us? Neither theologism nor any other evil Power.

Value of the *Tribune's* statistical articles on the Union were published, the Southern press have very seldom said—what they were wont to say very often before—that it was the South which supported the finances of the country by paying the greater portion of the Federal taxes and which supported the North by consuming the greater portion of her products and manufactures. They taught the South to see, what Mr. Gerham, of Massachusetts, said, when the Constitution was under discussion, that the Northern "States had no motive in the Union but a commercial one. *They were able to protect it themselves. They were not afraid of eternal danger, and did not need the aid of the Southern States.*" Now, as the South knows, *and has confessed*, that of herself she is neither able to protect herself from external nor against domestic danger, she became very much alarmed when she saw it demonstrated that the North was the *loser* by the Federal Compact.

The *commercial* lie dead, she now chiefly relies on another—founded on the condition of the coloured population of the North. You can have no idea how often it is said in the South—in the domestic circle, by the press, on the stump *and in the pulpit*—that the condition of the slaves of the South is infinitely superior to the condition of the free coloured population of the North. This lie is uttered, repeated and reechoed by hundreds every day. I have heard it wherever I have gone.

Says the *Southern Review*:

"Every day's observation proves that the condition of dependence which the African occupies at the South, and with which he is perfectly [*sic!*] satisfied, is a far better boon than the liberty, with its concomitants of poverty, degradation and crime, which the North would give him."

Now, I most earnestly petition the friends of the slave, to proceed immediately and disprove this wicked but *powerful* falsehood—not by a simple denial, but by unrefutable facts; not through our own organs only, but through the general and pro-slavery press. Make it a prominent subject of discussion at the next Anti-Slavery Convention, or appoint a Lecturer to select it as a subject for discourse during the approaching season. The former course, I think, would be the most efficacious. If Mr. Garrison spoke of the condition of the coloured population of Boston; Mr. Furness of those of Philadelphia; Mr. Booth of those of Wisconsin; the *Standard* Bearer of those of New York—the thing would be done and the Anti-Slavery cause would be rolled ten years ahead. Do not think that I over-estimate the importance of this Falsehood. *It is the main pillar of pro-slavery feeling in the South.* The publication of statistical articles or speeches on this subject, in the New York *Tribune*, the Boston *Telegraph*, or even the garbled reports of the *Herald*, would convert to our cause hundreds and probably thousands of Southerners, as well as compel the politicians who support the institution of slavery to cease their slanders.

III.....SOUTHWARD HO!

As far down as Georgia and Florida, the slaves have heard of us, and are longing to enjoy the Freedom of the North. But, alas! it is almost impossible for a fugitive to escape so many hundred miles, without meeting the bloodhounds and being recaptured. Something must be done to lessen the distance—or Slavery is destined to a long life in these Far Southern States. What shall be done?

The Florida and Georgia slaves cannot reach the North: we have, then, to choose the other alternative—*we must bring the North to them.* "Southward, ho!" ye friends of the bondsman.

Let us concentrate all our forces on Maryland; and, by mariners' compasses and by freemen's thoughts, by moral and material means, add that State to the North. It can easily be done; for the public sentiment—the *silent* if not the *expressed* sentiment—of that State already favours such a change. Having done so and brought the North to Virginia, let us again shout our watchword: SOUTHWARD, HO! JOHN BALL, JR.

DEATH OF A NOBLE WOMAN.

JUST as our paper is going to press, there comes to us intelligence of the death of our beloved and revered friend, ESTHER MOORE, widow of the late Dr. Robert Moore, of Philadelphia. She expired on Tuesday morning, Nov. 21st, of gout of the heart, after a short but painful illness, in the 80th year of her age.

The writer of this first became acquainted with her in 1836, and, at various times since then, has met her at anti-slavery meetings, or in familiar intercourse at her own house. Her most remarkable traits of character were, an intense hatred of oppression in all its forms, a corresponding love for the oppressed, an untiring devotion to their welfare, and a courage that never quailed before any obstacles, however formidable. Her zeal in the anti-slavery cause, and especially in behalf of the fugitive—a zeal that absorbed all the powers of her noble nature—was a perpetual rebuke to the comparative coldness and indifference of those around her. We well remember how her soul was fired with a righteous indignation when upwards of thirty innocent persons, most of them coloured people, were thrown into prison at Philadelphia upon a charge of treason for their alleged participancy in the tragedy at Christiana. Day after day did she visit the prisoners in their cells, to minister to their wants and cheer them in their sorrow; and during the progress of Hanway's trial, her constant presence in the court-room and her frequent interviews with the District Attorney attested her deep anxiety as to the result of the impending struggle. When we last saw her, about a month since, she was engaged in collecting a large sum of money to ransom a family of slaves, whose peculiar condition had enlisted her deepest sympathy. Notwithstanding her age and infirmities, she had enlisted in this work with a zeal which, even in a younger person, would have been remarkable. For many days, perhaps for many weeks, she went from door to door, asking for the means whereby to secure the freedom and the happiness of an enslaved and plundered household.

As a member of the Society of Friends, she lamented the guilty supineness of that body in regard to the question of slavery, and often, in its meetings, as well as in private intercourse, felt herself constrained to utter the language of expostulation and rebuke. In this, as in other relations of life, she was obedient to the revelation of God in her own soul, and a worthy example of fidelity to her convictions of duty.

Her step-son, J. Wilson Moore, in a letter to us announcing her decease, says:

"Among the last injunctions she gave was, 'Write to [Oliver] Johnson and tell him I die firm in the faith!

'MIND THE SLAVE!'

"She had enjoyed excellent health the last few years, and continued actively engaged in works of benevolence. During the last few weeks, she had devoted much time and labour to the collection of funds for the liberation of ten slaves in North Carolina, who had been promised their freedom at a comparatively small amount.

"Notwithstanding her great bodily suffering, her mind was clear to the last, expressing her full assurance of Divine approbation in the course she had taken."

This is all that we can say now of the life of our revered and never-to-be forgotten friend. Perhaps some one who knew her more intimately than we did, and who is better acquainted with the history of her life and labours, will furnish us with a more complete sketch. If so, we shall publish it with great satisfaction.

"Happy! aye, happy! let her ashes rest;
Her heart was honest, and she did her best;
In storm and darkness, evil and dismay,
The star of Duty was her guiding ray."

Her injunction to "MIND THE SLAVE" comes to us as the dying admonition of one whose life was a beautiful exemplification of the duty and the privilege thus enjoined. It imposes indeed no new obligation, but, coming from such a source, it will linger in our memory while life and its scenes shall last, inspiring in us, we hope, a purer and a more ardent devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity. And may we not hope that others also will catch a new inspiration from the dying message of our departed friend:

"MIND THE SLAVE!"

CONSISTENCY.

To the Editors of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IF there is any subject which requires, on the part of its advocates, a practice consistent with theory, it is American slavery. Abolitionists, for the sake of suffering humanity, have presented to the community, in just and vivid delineation, the true character of this infernal outrage on the rights of the human brotherhood. They have manifested to the public their clear understanding of the odious institution, as a gross violation of all righteous law, whether human or Divine. This, indeed, is well. It is a blessed labour of love, *provided* that we are confirming the sincerity of our avowed faith by a corresponding practice. The greater our condemnation is of the evil, the greater must be the condemnation of our practice if, by any voluntary unnecessary act, we sanction the evil and aid its continuance.

Mr. Garrison well declared, at the late anniversary meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, that "without practice theorizing was good for nothing." "My motto," he remarked, is "no Union with Slavery, religious or political." Why did he not add *commercial*? I ask, does not his just explanation of what he means by "No Union" require it? He asks, "does anybody need to be told what is meant by no union with highwaymen? The meaning is plain—no union to countenance highway robbery." I ask whether or not I have "no union with highwaymen" if I am in the practice of purchasing their stolen goods? Is this "no countenance (of) highway robbery?" Has it no tendency to "sustain" and "perpetuate" it? Is not the gain, which I voluntarily impart, the grand motive to the iniquitous practice? What is the chief motive and inducement to continue the vile system of American slavery? It is the gain of the unrequited toil of the slave. Who imparts this gain? The purchaser and consumer of the fruits of this unrequited toil, the purchaser of the stolen goods.

Among the excellent resolutions, offered and approved at our anniversary meeting, is the following: "Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise are only the natural fruits of the poison tree of Slavery; that to complain of these fruits, while assiduously nourishing the tree itself, is the height of infatuation"; &c.

I ask if it is any less "infatuation" to complain of slavery ("the tree itself") while we assiduously nourish it by voluntarily imparting the pecuniary profit which constitutes its vital nourishment? Brother Abolitionist, while you sincerely sympathize with your oppressed brother of a darker hue, pause, and ask yourself, am I not offering to his oppressor the chief inducement to continue his cruel inhumanity? Am I not supporting, at least with my little finger, this whole accursed and galling chain? Am I not aiding to secure the strong staple which supports every link? Surely slavery, with all its infernal concomitants, must cease when no market for its fruits of robbery can be found.

Abolitionists have condemned the practice of soliciting donations, for benevolent and religious purposes, of the slaveholders, considering it as sanctioning the mode by which their wealth has been obtained; and declaring that God "hateth robbery for a burnt offering." It may be well to consider if God does not hate robbery for a *meal* offering, and whether, when slaveholders offer to *sell* their fruits of robbery, our voluntary purchasing of them does not render us as much partakers of their evil deeds as when we receive them as a *gift*? Is not the purchase of the goods a more direct sanction of robbing the slave of the fruits of his toil than the reception of the money? The question I asked some years ago of those who cried out to the Scotch Ministers, "*Send back the money*," why they did not cry out to American Abolitionists, "Send back the goods," remains unanswered.

How foolish and inconsistent are the Nations which are crying out against the Slave trade and punishing it as piracy, &c., and sending their ships of war to terminate it, when they themselves, by sustaining markets for its ultimate fruits, are presenting an omnipotent motive for its continuance! It is like a man, whose house is on fire, pouring a pint of water with one hand and a gallon of burning fluid with the other.

What is the motive for the recent proposal among the slaveholders to renew the African Slave trade? Is it not that they may increase their fruits of robbery, which they know the community, Abolitionists among others, stand ready to purchase?

How can we, my brethren, continue to gratify our appetite and adorn our persons with what has cost our poor brother his tears, and groans, and blood, and death? If we are thus accessory to his sufferings and wrongs, how can we escape the condemnation which we ourselves award to his oppressor? HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, Nov. 20th, 1854.

New Publications.

IDA MAY, A STORY OF THINGS ACTUAL AND POSSIBLE. By MARY LANGDON. *Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston.*

"A new novel by Mrs. Stowe!" exclaims a contemporary, and a portion of the press, we presume, will echo the exclamation, as an interesting bit of literary news, while a greedy public will swallow the assertion and the book together. Messrs. Phillips & Sampson certainly will lose nothing by the announcement,* but somebody else, unless we are greatly at fault, is robbed thereby of fair fame for a season. But it will only be for a season if Mrs. Stowe really did not write Ida May. And that she did we shall not believe till we have her assurance for it.

The good public, however, need not wait to have that question settled before deciding whether it is worth while, or not, to read Ida May. If Mrs. Stowe did not write it, she may well pardon anybody who supposed she did, though she may marvel, perhaps, at the want of discrimination as to the characteristics of mind and of style which such a supposition discloses. The authorship of Ida May would be a credit to anybody.

Were we to criticise this book at length, it would be from two points of view; first, as an anti-slavery work; and, second, as a novel; and the first feeling it excited in us on perusal would be, in some measure, a criterion of its merit, under both aspects. We were half-a-dozen times tempted, in the opening chapters, to put it away as too tragic to read; and we finished it with a kind of regret that the sense of pain yielded to the novel-reading interest. In other words, as an anti-slavery book, it is best at the outset, for how can a true picture of slavery be otherwise than painful? But as a novel merely, it is altogether one of great power, and has all the absorbing interest of a fiction of high character, though to make it so the author leaves us, at last, with the feeling that, so far as the personages of her book are concerned, all who are left living at the end of it, and whose fate was involved in the slave system, have come happily out of the Valley of the Shadow of that Death.

We do not mean here to analyze 'Uncle Tom,' but perhaps the secret of its power lay more in this than in any other one thing—that so true was it to nature, and to the inevitable character of the slave system, that it excited and left in the reader, above every other feeling, one of the intensest pity and the most burning indignation, as if Uncle Tom himself were actually a living and suffering man, and Legree a villain who could be had for the seeking on Red River. Nor do we mean to make comparisons between 'Ida May' and Mrs. Stowe's book, but this difference between them, we think, is patent to the most careless reader, that, whereas in 'Uncle Tom' the story is the vehicle of anti-slavery truth, and ceases, therefore, to be a story, and becomes history, in 'Ida May,' certain aspects of the system are taken as adjuncts to a work of fiction, which, while they greatly heighten its interest, do not take away from its fictitious character.

We allude, however, to Uncle Tom really in justice to the author of 'Ida May,' and not for the purpose of invidious comparison, as it is manifestly unjust to try her book by any other standard than its own merits. As we have said, it opens most painfully by the kidnapping of a little girl, a motherless and only child, nurtured in luxury and in the tenderest love. She is ostensibly, and in fact, the central figure of the story; and when the period of her bondage comes, as it does after a few sad years, passed as a slave, but happily in mental forgetfulness of her earlier lot, then the interest of the reader, excited for her no longer as a child of bondage, is necessarily drawn away, in a measure, from the subordinate figures. As a whole, here is a powerful picture of slavery before us, but the eye and the heart are filled with a divided interest. We state this as a fact, as it seems to us, and not as an objection. To many, perhaps to most readers, it will be a recommendation that the interest of the story does not depend wholly upon its anti-slavery character.

But those who take it up with the expectation that their hatred of slavery is to be thereby increased and justified will not be disappointed. It *is* anti-slavery, and that of the purest sort. Not a word will be found in it that appeals to popular prejudice against either Abolitionists or the blacks—not a word of admission that slavery is anything but a system of unmixed evil—not a word of palliation for the voluntary blindness of its defenders—and not a word of suggestion that so tremendous an evil can be got rid of without sacrifice, without repentance, or through a new injustice in the expatriation of its victims. The scene is laid, for the most part, in South Carolina, and the interests and the fates of slaves are closely interwoven with those of the principal characters. The author writes unquestionably from her own observation at the South, and has entered familiarly into the life of both master and slave. She is unjust to neither, but in her various characters presents such as are familiar to every one who knows anything of the people of the slaveholding States, as well as such as must needs be the inevitable result of so false and debasing a social relation. Her pictures, drawn with a strong hand and in bold colours, strike the beholder, at once, as representative portraits; and in the brutal overseer; or in the master, highly cultivated, and of a keen sense of personal honour, but merciless and destitute of human pity where his slaves are concerned; or in the bondman imbruted almost to the lowest point of degradation; or in one whom tyranny could never crush, and who chooses death rather than indignity; we recognise not merely what *may* be, but what *must* be in a slaveholding community; and those who have had actual observation of such a state of society will recall, as within their knowledge, the very archetypes of the men and women here brought before them.

As a tale of fiction, then, Ida May is a book of unusual power; as an anti-slavery work, it is a worthy successor of 'Uncle Tom'—we cannot help considering them together—and is destined to renew the feeling aroused by Mrs. Stowe. If it lacks the peculiar characteristic which gave to 'Uncle Tom' the place and influence it has and always will have, so, on the other hand, it is, in some respects, a more perfect work of art, considered solely as such, and is without blemish in style and conception. It had its origin, doubtless, in an anti-slavery purpose, and that purpose will be fulfilled. Nor will its influence be in any degree lessened because the book is one of unusual merit when considered otherwise than as anti-slavery.

*Since the above was written, P. & S. have publicly announced that Mrs. Stowe is not the author of 'Ida May.'

PREACHING, AS IT IS AND AS IT SHOULD BE.

"THE ministry," says the Rev. Mr. Bradford, in the *Free Presbyterian*, "will never command the respect, and alarm the fears of men who practice wickedness in high places until they grapple with present evils, and make Christianity a power in the earth, requiring governments and men to submit to its claims. The politicians regard preachers as a set of small-minded men, who have entered the ministry as a profession merely, or to make a poor living by repeating in a 'holy whine' their wretched common-places on the Sabbath. They are pleased and satisfied when we preach a religion that has all to do with the *other* world, and none with *this*—a religion that allows rum-sellers in the Church, and connives at the great crimes that have been 'sanctioned and sanctified' by age. If preachers wish to be feared and respected by the wicked, and loved by the good, they must study the models of the old Prophets, and cry aloud at the sin of the present day, and let the Antediluvians and Babylonians alone."

Words like these in the mouth of an Orthodox clergyman are as significant as they are truthful. They remind us of an extract of a letter from another Orthodox man, which we cut from the *American Baptist*, several weeks since. The writer (probaby a Baptist clergyman) had been to Boston, and having given an account of some ecclesiastical meetings which he had attended, spoke of Rev. Theodore Parker in these terms: "A person looking from the stand-point I occupy can easily see the secret of Theodore Parker's extensive influence. He preaches truths that are vitalizing; such as the masses relish; such as evangelical Christians ought to preach; but, in addition to this, he preaches what I believe is fundamental error. Now, if the evangelical ministers wish to take the wind out of his sails, let them bring the Gospel as an antagonistic force against all moral wrong; in other words, let them be identified with universal reform. Then the world will see that orthodoxy is instinct with life and energy; and that the atonement and its cognate doctrines are not impalpable abstractions, but soul-elevating and heart-cheering truths. Then, some of the more than 2,500 who weekly attend his ministrations will be found in the congregations of evangelical churches."

PERSONAL.

J. T. HEADLEY, the author, is chosen to the New York Assembly from Newburg. He was the Independent Maine Law candidate.

—COLONEL SCHOULER, editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette* (formerly of the *Boston Atlas*), being on a visit to his friends in Boston, was presented by them, on the 17th inst., with a massive silver pitcher and goblet. He has the honour of being cordially hated by the Webster Whigs, because he could not altogether "conquer his prejudices" against slave-catching.

—FRANCES D. GAGE, of St. Louis, recently delivered a lecture on Woman's Rights, before a large audience, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, the seat of Antioch College. The *Free Presbyterian* gives a fair sketch of her remarks, pronounces her "a good speaker," and concurs with her in the position that "the possession of a faculty is the Divine warrant for its exercise."

MR. SOULE AND THE EMPEROR.—The Washington *Union* announces that the order forbidding Mr. Soulé to pass through France has been revoked, and that he has doubtless, ere now, availed himself of the Emperor's permission and returned to Madrid. This information was received by the last steamer, just in time to be forwarded to the United States, unaccompanied by any explanation which alluded to it.

The matter has ended as we thought it would. It was nothing but one of those "tempests in a teapot," which our Minister at the Court of Spain, owing to his peculiar fondness for "hot water," will raise now and then.

CONVICTED.—James McCord, of Greene County, Ohio, has been convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, for killing a coloured man named Eli Cook, whom he was attempting, by the help of others, to kidnap and carry to Kentucky, for the purpose of selling him as a slave. The poor man tried to escape from his captors, who killed him and left his body in the woods! McCord's accomplices are not yet tried. An account of the tragedy was published in the *Standard* several months since.

MYRON H. CLARK, after all, is most probably elected Governor of this State, though by a very small plurality. Great is the disappointment of the liquor sellers and their vassals, and great the rejoicing of the friends of sobriety. The friends of freedom also are cheered by this result.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 548, besides a great variety of shorter articles, contains a long but interesting notice of the Life of Mrs. Sherwood, from the *Christian Remembrancer*.

Summary.

VERMONT.—The Legislature of this State finally adjourned on Wednesday morning, 15th inst. A bill amending and strengthening the Prohibitory Liquor Law passed both Houses. A bill to encourage the study of Agriculture in Common Schools passed both Houses.

SNOW IN CANADA.—Persons from Quebec report that there has been excellent sleighing in that vicinity since the first of the present month. At the latest dates there was every indication that the usual five months' sleighing would be enjoyed the present season by the residents of the lower part of Canada East.—*Boston Transcript*, 16th.

RECRUITING IN ENGLAND.—The war appears to have so roused the old martial spirit in England that recruits are obtained in great numbers, without the least difficulty. A recruiting sergeant receives 11s. for every man passing medical examination, and such is the readiness with which men join that one recruiting officer alone made £55 within three days. The war enthusiasm is said to be even greater in Ireland than in England.

The Cork *Examiner* furnishes some striking statistics showing how the population of the Emerald Isle has been moving across the Atlantic. It states that during 1853, £1,439,000 were remitted from this country to pre-pay the passages of immigrants, and that in six years the amount sent home for this purpose was £5,700,000, a sum nearly equal to half that realized by the sale of the ruined landlords of Ireland. In seven years the emigration is said to have been 1,600,000 persons.

MILKING.—Mr. John M. Weare, of Seabrook, New Hampshire, has recently obtained a patent for holding cows' tails still while under the operation of milking. The machine is fastened to one of the animal's ham-strings, and the tail is compressed. Mr. Weare politely styles his discovery the "Milker's Protector." Cows, says the Washington *Union*, in a fit of humour, will probably live forever, as this patent machine is designed to prevent them from "kicking the bucket."

BRAVERY OF WOMAN.—"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." So says the wise man. This is seen in the following instance of the wise self-control of a wife, whose self conquest conquered her husband:

"A decent countrywoman," said an English divine, "came to me one market day, and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkind to her, and that, knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell her what would cure him. "The remedy is simple," said I; "always treat your husband with a smile." The woman thanked me, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months after, she came again, bringing me a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction that I had cured her husband, and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. This was at once the victory of love and the reward of patience.

DISAPPOINTED OF GLORY.—The London *Daily News*, in noticing the return of the Baltic fleet to England, says: "The nation wants to know, and is determined to know, whose fault it is that Cronstadt has not been taken, and that the most splendid fleet ever sent to sea comes home without victory, without trophies, without having advanced the war, with its officers sick of heart at being cheated of the fame they were stimulated to seek, and its seamen disappointed and angry at having been allowed no chance of action or of prize money."

CHIVALRY WITH A PROVISO.—The chivalrous denizens of Cumberland County, Va., have resolved to buy their goods hereafter of the merchants of their own State, instead of sending to New York for them, *provided they can buy cheap!* How sublime is the self-sacrifice of these knights of the tobacco hogshead and cotton bale! They are "chock full" of chivalry, but then it is chivalry that counts the per centage. They run a tilt against all manner of Yankee notions, but the points of their lances are instantly turned aside, if they are likely to shiver a sixpence in the collision. What a sublime contempt of pennies and picayunes the chivalry *do* have!—*Free Presbyterian.*

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—The Boston *Transcript* quotes from the article on the use and abuse of words, the figure of speech of a farmer, who replied to a complimentary remark on his house—"Yes; but he is as slow as *cold molasses!*" We think we can match this. Once on Lake Ontario, in an old tub of a steamer, a substitute for the regular boat, bound, at the rate of six miles an hour, from Oswego to Niagara River, we asked the skipper if he meant to take the usual route via Toronto. "Go to Toronto in this thing!" was his answer. "I would as soon undertake *to drive a toad through a barrel of tar.*" There was significance and appropriateness in the metaphor.—*Christian Register.*

A CONSISTENT SERVANT.—A very good lady in Boston had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that Mrs. —— was not at home.

One day John made his reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. ——, she said,

"John, what did you say to the lady?"

"I told her you were not at home."

"Well, John, I hope you did not laugh."

"Oh no, ma'am," said John, "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We often hear ladies express a desire to know by what process the gloss on new linen, shirt bosoms, etc., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following receipt: "Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table spoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing.

AGRICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.—Be not startled from your usual propriety when I tell you that so prolific is our beautiful and romantic State, in the returns for labour bestowed upon its soil, that the best wheat and potatoes in the world are *actually cheaper in cents per pound than with you!* being in comparative relations to labour, interest, etc., etc., as if your dealers *gave away* their flour, grain or potatoes, and *paid you twice their value in addition for taking them.* The same with oats and barley, and with almost every product of the soil. Melons, where the freight does not run up the cost, the same, and none more delicious than ours; while such grapes as are thrown upon this market, in lots of a hundred or more tons at a trip, and as often as two or three times in a week, in the fullness of their season, you can probably *never equal* in lusciousness or size—bunches weighing as much as 3½ lbs. being on sale at the fruit-stands (I have purchased such), while at the fairs we have had those weighing six, seven, and eight pounds, and our retail prices for them range say at 25 cents per lb., and even lower in small parcels—which would be in the ratio of 6 to 8 cents with you.—*Cor. Tribune.*

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.—Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, in paying her tax for the present year, addressed a letter to the Treasurer, Assessors, and other municipal officers of the city, and also to the Legislature of the State, protesting in clear and forcible terms against the injustice of taxing women for the support of government while they are denied all participation in the enactment and administration of the laws, and not allowed the same public educational advantages as the other sex. She says of herself, and of those who sympathize with her, "*We are strong in the right*, and we bide our time. Protests will yet fall and thicken around you, but, whether one or many, the demand is still for justice; for privileges which shall ensure a free and willing payment of taxes; for a representation through *native citizenship*, in those laws by which we are bound." The Boston *Telegraph* commends her protest, and says: "If she finds Boston and Massachusetts obstinate, she need not, however, despair. Let her remove to British Guiana. In that Anglo-Dutch and truly cosmopolitan community, all who pay a certain amount of taxes are allowed to vote, including women as well as men, non-residents, as well as residents, citizens of all countries, as well as British subjects, and of all complexions and nationalities, too, whether Europeans, Africans, native Indians, or Coolies from India and China."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Q. K. Philander Doesticks, in the Detroit *Advertiser*, thus describes the qualifications necessary to be a candidate for office in New York:

"No one is eligible to the office of Mayor of the city, unless he has forged a draft and got the money on it; and, on at least two separate occasions, set fire to his house to get the insurance. Candidates for Aldermen qualify themselves by carrying a revolver, getting beastly drunk, and stabbing a policeman or two before they get sober. A Common Councilman must drink with the Short Boys, give prizes to the Firemen's Target Excursions, carry a slung shot in his pocket, and have a personal interest in a Peter Funk auction shop. A Police Justice must gamble a little, cheat a considerable, lie a good deal, and get drunk "clear through" every Saturday night; if he can read easy words and write his name, it is generally no serious objection; but the Know-Nothings will not permit even this, on the plea that the science of letters is of foreign origin. A man who can pick a pocket scientifically will make a good constable. Aspirants to minor offices are classified according to desert but no one who has not at least committed petit larceny is allowed a place on any regular ticket. As for offices of more importance, I should say, from what I can now judge, that no man can ever be elected Governor of the State unless he is guilty of a successful burglary, complicated with a midnight murder."

WOULD RATHER BE IN SLAVERY.—In the Police Court, yesterday, a coloured man named John Stewart was arraigned on a charge of stealing a quantity of clothing from an elderly coloured woman. Stewart pleaded guilty, and offered in mitigation that he was out of funds and food, and has taken this course to provide himself with the necessaries of life. He stated to the Court that a short time since he was a slave in Raleigh, North Carolina, and, upon being informed of the kind treatment he would receive from the Abolitionists of the North, if he could become a free man, he concluded to purchase himself, and did so, at a cost of $900. He left his master, and came to Ohio. "Since I came here," continued Stewart, "I have been kicked about and abused by all classes of white men. Can't get work from no one; and to borrow money to get bread with, that is out of the question. I wish I were a slave again. I did a great deal better there than ever I did here." Here the defendant took his seat, to await the sentence of the Court, which was that he be sent to the chain gang, at hard labour for one month, and pay the costs of prosecution. Stewart said he did not mind the hard labor, and was thankful for the prospect of getting something to eat in jail. He declared that as soon as he got out, he would go South, and become a slave again.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov.* 14.

[John was a cunning rogue, to be sure, in seeking to escape the punishment of his crime, by appealing to the pro-slavery sympathies of the Court and pretending that he was sick of freedom! The fellow, it would seem, over-estimated the stupidity of the Judge. There was a time when the ruse would have worked to a charm.]

PHILADELPHIA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

☞ The Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia acknowledge the following receipts:

1854	1 Mo.	12th	H. M. Laing	$5 00
1	"	27	Friends of England and Scotland, pr Samuel Rhoades	77 00
2	"	28	Mrs. Hall	5 00
3	"	18	S. Martindale, of England	9 71
3	"	24	C. D. Cleavland	15 00
4	"	25	Mrs. Gamble	1 00
5	"	2	J. L.	25 00
5	"	6	E. Rodgers, pr W. H. Furness	10 00
5	"	19	E. Clark	20 00
5	"	29	Mrs. Morris	5 00
6	"	1	Children	3 00
6	"	2	J. S. O., per J. M. McKim	30 00
6	"	2	J. L. Brown	5 00
6	"	8	A Friend, pr W. H. Furness	5 00
7	"	26	Mrs. Allen J. Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland	10 00
7	"	26	A Friend	10 00
7	"	26	John M. Whitall	10 00
7	"	26	John Tatem	2 00
8	"	5	A. L. Pennock	10 00
8	"	5	Dr. Wilson Moore	5 00
8	"	15	Washington Brown	20 00
3	"	22	Anna Richards, Birmingham, England, pr S. Rhoads	48 60
8	"	31	Dr. Casper Wister	10 00
9	"	6	Benjamin Coates	5 00
10	"	22	J. M. Justice	2 00
10	"	22	John H. Cavender	2 00
10	"	22	John M. Whitall	2 00
10	"	22	W. Hudson, 50 cts. } C. Canby, $1 00. }	1 50
10	"	22	H. M. Ellis	15 00
10	"	22	Cash	2 00
10	"	22	J. Barstow	2 00
10	"	22	J. S., pr C. D. Cleavland	10 00
10	"	22	Collection at Brick U. Ch'rch	18 57
10	"	22	do do Franklin Hall	34 42
11	"	1	A Friend, by Morris Hall	2 00
11	"	1	do do L. Parish	10 00
11	"	1	W. Scott, 50 cts. }	1 22
11	"	1	Mrs. Carpenter, 72 cts. }	
11	"	1	Prof. C. D. Cleavland	2 00
11	"	1	W. D. P., $1 00, W. C. B., $1 00; R. B., $1 00, pr Cleavland. }	3 00
11	"	1	A Friend, for R. B. pr. Cleavland	2 50
11	"	1	W. H. Furness	5 00
11	"	12	E. M. Davis, $5 00 } J. L. Hallowell, $5 00 }	10 00
			Total	$472 15

The Committee, in acknowledging the above donations, return their thanks on behalf of the Fugitive.

Liberal as our receipts have been, the recipients of your bounty have been so numerous that we are still in great need of funds to meet the constant demands upon the Treasury, and therefore hope our friends will not forget the needy traveller. Donations will be received by CHARLES WISE, Treasurer, 5th and Market st.; PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, 7th and Arch sts., WM. STILL, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

Daniel F. Childs, Boston	$10 00
Thomas G. Barnard, Norway, Me	3 00
Mary Haskell, West Gardiner, "	1 00
Clarissa G. Olds, Winslow, "	2 00
L. McIntosh, Allegheny, Pa.	5 00
David N. Brown, Kingsboro' N. Y.	4 00
Abel Thomas, North Granville, "	1 00
Hon. Gerrits Smith, Peterboro' N. Y.	30 00
Joseph Carpenter, New Rochelle, "	2 00
William Coates, Boonton, N. J.	3 00
S. J. Holcombe, West Granby, Conn.	2 00
Mehitabel Haskell, Gloucester, Mass.	3 00
Thomas Hardy, "	2 00
Seth Hunt, Northampton, "	5 00
A Friend, South Wilbraham, "	5 00
Samuel May, Jr., Boston, "	3 00
G. A. Bradford, North Middleboro', Mass.	3 00
Samuel Smith, West Harwich, Mass.	1 00
Doane Hilley, "	1 00

Miscellaneous Department.

GRANVILLE SHARP.

[From a Lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, by CHARLES SUMNER. Reported for the (Boston) *Telegraph.*]

GRANVILLE SHARP was born at Durham, in 1735. His family was of great respectability and of an ancient lineage. His grandfather was Archbishop of York, and the confidential chaplain and counseller of the renowned Chancellor Heneage Finch, Lord Nottingham. His less conspicuous father was an archdeacon and prebendary of the Church, who, out of his ecclesiastical emoluments, knew how to dispense charity, while he reared his numerous children to different pursuits. Of these Granville was the youngest son, and, while his elder brothers were educated for professional life, he was destined to trade, a portion being set apart by his father to serve as his apprentice-fee in London. With this view his back was turned upon the learned languages, and his instruction was confined chiefly to writing and arithmetic; but at this time he read and enjoyed all the plays of Shakspeare, in an appletree in his father's orchard. When fifteen years old, he was bound as an apprentice to a Quaker linen-draper in London, and at this tender-age left his father's house. Of his apprenticeship he has given an interesting glimpse, as follows:

"After I had served about three years of my apprenticeship, my master, the Quaker, died, and I was turned over to a Presbyterian, or rather, as he was more properly called, an Independent. I afterward lived sometime with an Irish Papist, and also with another person, who, I believe, had no religion at all."

Although always a devoted member of the Church of England, these extraordinary experiences in early life placed him above the prejudices of sect, and inspired a rule of conduct, worthy of perpetual memory, which he presents as follows:

"It taught me to make a proper distinction between the OPINIONS of men and their PERSONS. The former I can freely condemn without presuming to judge the individuals themselves. Thus freedom of argument is preserved, as well as Christian charity, leaving personal judgment to Him to whom alone it belongs."

Only two years before the enrollment of Granville Sharp among London apprentices—that class so famous in local history—another person, kindred in benevolence and now in fame, Howard, the philanthropist, on whose career Burke has cast the illumination of his genius, finished service in the same place as apprentice to a wholesale grocer. I do not know that these two congenial natures—or yet another contemporary of lowly fortunes, John Raikes, the inventor of Sunday Schools—ever encountered in the world. But they are joined in example, and the life of an apprentice, in all its humilities, seems radiant with their presence, as with heavenly light. Perhaps among the apprentices of Boston there may be yet a Granville Sharp, or John Howard. And just in proportion as the moral nature asserts its rightful supremacy here, will such a character be hailed as of higher worth than the products of all the mills of Lowell, backed by all the dividends and discounts of State street.

In 1758, shortly after the completion of his apprenticeship and his entrance upon business, Sharp lost both his parents, and very soon thereafter abandoning trade, obtained a subordinate appointment as a supernumerary clerk in the Ordinance Office, where, after six years service, he became simply a "clerk in ordinary." Meanwhile, conscientiously fulfilling this life of routine and labour, not unlike the toils of Charles Lamb at the India House, he commenced, in moments saved from business and snatched from sleep, a series of studies, which, though undervalued by his modesty, the scholar may envy. That he might better enjoy and vindicate that Book which he reverentially accepted as the rule of life, he first studied Greek and then Hebrew, obtaining such command of both languages as to employ them skillfully in the field of theological controversy. Music and French he studied also; and our own English tongue, too, on the pronounciation of which he wrote an excellent essay.

These quiet pursuits were interrupted by an incident which belongs to the romance of truth. An unhappy African, by the name of Jonathan Strong, had been brought from Barbadoes to London, as a slave, where, after brutal outrages, at which the soul shudders, inflicted by the person who called himself master—I regret to add that he was a lawyer—he was turned adrift on the unpitying stones of that great metropolis, lame, blind, and faint, with ague and with fever, and without a home. In this plight, while staggering along in quest of medical care, he was met by the good Samaritan, Granville Sharp, who, touched by his misfortunes, bound up his wounds, gave him charitable assistance, placed him in a hospital and watched him through a protracted illness, until at last health and strength again returned, and he was able to commence service as a freeman in a respectable home. In this condition, after the lapse of two years, he was at last recognised in the street by his old master, who at once determined to entrap him, and to hold him as a slave. By a deceitful message the victim was tempted to a public house, where he was shocked to encounter his cruel claimant, who, without delay, seized and committed him to prison. Here again was the good Samaritan, Granville Sharp, who lost no time in enjoining upon the keeper of the prison, at his peril, not to deliver the negro to any person whatever; and he promptly invoked the intervention of the Mayor of London. At the hearing before this magistrate, it appeared that the claimant had already undertaken, by a formal bill of sale, to convey the alleged slave to another person, who, by an agent, was in attendance to take him on board a ship bound for Jamaica. As soon as the case had been stated the mayor gave judgment in words worthy of imitation; "the lad," said he "has not stolen anything and is not guilty of any offence, and is, therefore, at liberty to go away." The agent of the claimant, not disheartened, seized him by the arm and still claimed him as "property." Sharp, in his ignorance of legal proceedings, was for a moment perplexed, when the friendly voice of the coroner, who chanced to be near, whispered, "Charge him," on which hint our philanthropist, turning at once to the brazen-faced claimant, said, with justifiable anger of manner, "Sir, I charge you for an assault," when, to avoid immediate commitment, he released his illegal hold of the slave, "and all bowed to the Lord Mayor and came away, Jonathan followed Granville Sharp and no one daring to touch him."

But the end was not yet. By this accidental and disinterested act of humanity, Sharp was exposed at the same time to personal insult and to a suit at law. The discomfited claimant—the same lawyer who had originally abandoned the slave in the streets of London—called on him "to demand gentlemanlike satisfaction," to which the philanthropist replied, that, as "the lawyer had studied law so many years, he should want no satisfaction that the law could give him." And he nobly redeemed his word; for he applied himself at once to his defence against the legal process instituted by the claimant for an alleged abstraction of *property*. Here begins his greatness.

It is in collision with difficulty that the sparks of genuine character appear. This simple-hearted man, now vindictively pursued, laid his case before an eminent solicitor, who, after ample consideration with learned counsel, did not hesitate to assure him that, under the British Constitution, he could not be defended against the action. An opinion given in 1729 jointly by the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of the time, York and Talbot, two great names in the English law, and each afterwards Lord Chancellor, was adduced, declaring, under their respective signatures, that "a slave by coming from the West Indies to Great Britain or Ireland, either with or without his master, *doth not* become free," and "that the master may legally compel him to return again to the plantations"; and Lord Mansfield, the Chief Justice, was reported as strenuously concurring in this opinion, to the odious extent of delivering up fugitive slaves to their claimants. With these authorities against him, and forsaken by his professional defenders, Sharp was not disheartened; but though, according to his own striking language, "totally unacquainted either with the practice of the law, or the foundation of it, having never in his life opened a law book, except the Bible," he was inspired to depend on himself. An unconquerable will, and those instincts which are often profounder in their teaching than any learning, were now his counsellors. For nearly two years, during which the suit was still pending, he gave himself to an intense study of the British Constitution in all its bearings upon human liberty. During these researches he was confirmed in his original prepossessions on the question, and aroused to an undying hostility against slavery, which he plainly saw to be without any sanction in the Constitution. "Neither the word *slave*," he exclaimed, "or anything that can justify the enslaving of others, can be found there, God be praised!" And I too say, God be praised!

The result of these studies was embodied in a tract "On the Injustice and Dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery, or even of admitting the least claim to private property in the persons of men in England." This was submitted to his counsel, one of whom was the famous commentator, Sir William Blackstone, and, by means of numerous copies in manuscript circulated among gentlemen of the bar, until the lawyers on the other side were actually intimidated, and the slave-hunter, failing to bring forward his action, was mulcted in treble costs; and thus ended that persecution of our philanthropist. This important tract was printed in 1769.

Thus far it was an individual case only which had engaged his care. Another soon followed, where, through his chivalrous humanity, the intolerable wrongs of a woman, kidnapped in London and transported as a slave to Barbadoes, were redressed—so far as an earthly decree could go. Learning the infinite woes of slavery, he was now aroused to broader efforts. Shocked by an advertisement in a London newspaper, such as often appeared in those days of "a black girl to be sold—of excellent temper and willing disposition," he at once protested to the Chancellor, Lord Camden, against such things as "a notorious breach of the laws of nature, humanity and equity, and also the established law, custom, and constitution of England;" and in the same year, 15th May, 1769, he solemnly appealed by letter to the Archbishop of Canturbury against the slave trade, and thus by many years heralded the labours of Clarkson and Wilberforce. "I am myself convinced," he said, "that nothing can thrive which is in any way concerned in that unjust trade. I have known several instances, which are strong proofs to me of the judgments of God, even in this world, against such a destructive and iniquitous traffic." In these things he showed not only his love of justice but his personal independence. "Although I am a *placeman*," he wrote on another occasion, "and indeed of a very inferior rank, yet I look on myself to be perfectly independent, because I have never yet been afraid to do and avow whatever I thought just and right, without the consideration of consequences to myself; for, indeed, I think it unworthy of a *man* to be afraid of the world; and it is a point with me never to conceal my sentiments on any subject whatever, not even from my superiors in office, *when there is a probability of answering any good purpose by it.*"

Still again his protecting presence was enlisted to save a fellow-man from bondage; and here it is interesting to note the new form of outrage. A poor African, Thomas Lewis, who had once been a slave, was residing quietly at Chelsea, in the neighbourhood of London, when he was suddenly seized by his former master, who, with the aid of two boatmen, hired for the fiendish purpose, dragged him on his back into the water, and thence into a boat lying in the Thames, in which, with his legs tied, and his mouth gagged by a stick, he was rowed down to a ship bound for Jamaica, under a commander previously engaged in the conspiracy, to be sold for a slave on his arrival in that island. But this diabolical act, though warily contrived, did not escape notice. The cries of the victim, on his way to the boat, reached the servants of a neighbouring mansion, who witnessed the deadly struggle, but did not venture a rescue. Their mistress, a retired widow, mother of the eminent naturalist and traveller, Sir Joseph Banks, on learning what had passed, instantly put forth her womanly exertions. Without the hesitation of her sex, she hurried to Granville Sharp, who was now known for his knightly zeal to succour the distressed, laid before him the terrible story, and insisted upon vindicating the freedom of the stranger at her own expense. All honour to this woman! A simple warrant, first obtained by Sharp, was scouted by the captain, whose victim, bathed in tears, was already chained to the mast. The great writ of Habeas Corpus was next invoked, and the ship, which had proceeded on its way, was boarded in the Downs, happily within British jurisdiction, by a faithful officer, who, in the name of the King of England, unbound the chains of the African, and took him back to freedom.

A complaint was now presented against the kidnappers, who were at once indicted by the Grand Jury. The cause was removed to the King's Bench, and on the 20th Feb., 1771, brought into Court before Lord Mansfield. The defence was that the victim was their slave, and, therefore, property to be rightfully seized. And here the question was distinctly presented, whether any such property was recognised by the British Constitution. The transcendent magistrate, who presided on the occasion, saw the magnitude of the issue, and sought to avoid its formal determination, by presenting the subordinate point, whether the claimant, supposing such property recognised, was able to prove the man to be his. The kidnappers were found "guilty"; but judgment against them was waived on the recommendation of Lord Mansfield, who, be it observed, shrank, at every stage, from any act by which slavery in England should be annulled, and who avowed on this occasion "his hope that the question never would be finally discussed." Sharp was justly indignant at this craven conduct, which, with all gentleness of manner, but with perfect firmness, he did not hesitate to arraign as an "open contempt" of the true principles of the Constitution.

But the day was at hand when the great philanthropist was to be vindicated, even by the lips of the great magistrate. The Slavery Question could not be suppressed. The Chief Justice of England could not do it. "Drive out nature with a pitchfork, and still she will at once return." Only a few months elapsed, when a memorable case arose which presented the question distinctly for judgment. A negro, James Somerset, whose name, as the starting-point of an immortal principle, can never be forgotten, was detained in irons on board a ship, lying in the Thames and bound for Jamaica. On application to Lord Mansfield, in his behalf, 3d December, 1771, supported by affidavits, a Writ of Habeas Corpus was directed to the Captain of the ship, directing him to return the body of Somerset into court, with the cause of his detention. In course of time, though somewhat tardily, the body was produced, and, for cause of detention, it was assigned that he was the property of Charles Stewart Esq., *of Virginia*, who had held him there as a slave; that, on bringing him as such to London, he ran away from the service of his master, but was recovered, and finally delivered on board the ship to be carried to Jamaica, there to be sold as the slave and property of the *Virginia gentleman*. As no facts were in issue here, the whole cause hinged on the constitutionality of Slavery in England; and the great question which the Chief Justice had sought to avoid was once again before him.

In order to give solemnity to the proceedings, in some degree corresponding to their importance, the case was brought by Lord Mansfield before the Court of King's Bench, where it was continued from time to time, according to the convenience of counsel and of the court, running even through months, and occupying different days in January, February and May, down to the 22d June, 1772, when judgment was finally delivered. During all this period, Somerset, having recognised with sureties for his proper appearance in court, was left at large. To Granville Sharp he had repaired at once, and by him was kindly welcomed, and effectively aided. Counsel learned in the law were retained under his advice, and by this humble clerk they were instructed in the grounds of defence. At his expense too, out of his small means, the proceedings were conducted. On the other side the expenses were defrayed by a subscription among the merchants. Hear this, merchants of Boston, and hang your heads with shame!

To the glory of the English bar the eminent counsel for the slave declined all fees for their valuable and protracted services; and here let me pause for one moment to pay them an unaffected tribute. They were five in number; Mr. Serjeant Davy, who opened the cause with the proposition "that no man at this day *is* or *can be* a slave in England"; Mr. Serjeant Glynn; Mr. Mansfield, afterward Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Alleyne, each of whom was patiently heard by the court at length. The argument of Mr. Hargrave, who early volunteered his great learning in the case, is one of the masterpieces of the bar. This was his first appearance in court; but it is well that liberty on that day had such support. For all these gallant lawyers, champions of the right, there is honour ever increasing, which the soul spontaneously offers, while it turns in sorrow from the counsel, only two in number, who allowed themselves to be enlisted on the side of slavery. I know well that in Westminster Hall there are professional usages, which happily do not prevail in our country—where every such service depends on *contract*—by which a barrister thinks himself constrained to assume any cause which is properly presented to him. If this service depended on contract there, as with us, the sarcasm of Ben Jonson would be strictly applicable; "This fellow for six sols more would plead against his Maker." But I undertake to affirm, that no usage, professional or social, can give any apology for joining the pack of the slave-hunter. Mr. Dunning, one of the persons in this predicament, showed that he spoke against his better nature. His first words in his argument were, "It is incumbent on me to justify the detainer of the negro." Pray why incumbent on him? He was then careful to show that he did not maintain that there was an absolute property in him; and he proceeded to say, among other things, that it was his misfortune to address an audience, the greater part of which he feared was prejudiced the other way; that for himself he would not be understood to intimate a wish in favour of slavery; but that he was bound in duty to mention those arguments most useful to the claimant, so far as consistent with the truth, and be concluded with these conscience-stricken words; "I hope, therefore, I shall not suffer in the opinion of those whose honest passions are fired at the name of slavery—I hope I have not transgressed my duty to humanity." Clearly the lawyer had transgressed his duty to Humanity. No man can rightfully advocate any principle which violates human nature; nor can any subtlety of dialectics, any extent of erudition, or any grandeur of intellect sustain him. Notwithstanding the character for liberal principles which John Dunning acquired, and which breathes in his sensitive excuses—notwithstanding his double fame at once in Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel—notwithstanding the peerage which he vainly won, "no son of his succeeding,"—this odious service rendered to a Slave-hunter, although calling himself a Virginia gentleman, cries in judgment against him, and will continue to cry, as time advances. (Do not start, Mr. President, I am alluding to occurrences in another hemisphere and another century!) As well undertake a slave-hunt in the deserts of Africa as in the streets of London. As well pursue the fugitive with the hired whip of the overseer as with the hired argument of the lawyer. It is the lawyer's clear duty to uphold *human rights*, whether in the loftiest or the lowliest, and when he undertakes to uphold a wrong so outrageous as slavery, his proper function is so far reversed, that he can be aptly described only in the phrase of the Roman Church, *L'Avocato del Diavolo*, The Devil's Advocate.

Passing from the counsel to the court, we find at once occasion for gratitude and sorrow. The three judges, Ashton, Willes and Ashurst, who sat by the side of Lord Mansfield, were silent throughout the whole proceedings, overawed perhaps by his commanding authority, so that he alone seems to be present. Of large intellect and extensive studies, running into all regions of learning; with a silver-tongued voice and an amenity of manner which gave a constant charm to his presence; with unsurpassed professional and political experience combined; the early companion of Pope and the early competitor of Pitt; having already once refused the post of Prime Minister and three times refused the post of Chancellor; he stood forth at the time when the poor slave was brought before him, as an acknowledged light of jurisprudence, and, take him for all in all, as the most finished magistrate England had then produced. But his character had one fatal defect, which is too common on the beech. He lacked *moral firmness*, which happily was not lacking in Granville Sharp. Still more, he was not naturally on the side of Liberty, as becomes a great judge, but always by blood and instinct on the side of prerogative and power—an offence for which he was arraigned by his contemporary, Junius, and for which posterity will hold him to strict account. But his luminous mind, apt to perceive the force of principles, could not resist the array of arguments now marshalled for Freedom. He saw clearly that a system like slavery could not find a home under the British Constitution. And yet he shrank from the conclusion. More than once he coquetted with the merchants, who had the case so much at heart, and twice he ignobly suggested that the claimant might avoid the decision of the great question, fraught with Freedom or Slavery to multitudes, simply by manumitting the individual slave. And when at least the case could not be arrested by any device, or be longer postponed—when judgment was inevitable—he came to the work, not warmly or generously, but in trembling obedience to the Truth which awaited to be declared.

On other occasions of a purely commercial character, his judgments were more learned and elaborate; but not one ever fell from his lips of equal significance. It is remarkable for two distinct principles, which it clearly enunciates, and which, though often assaulted, still stand as reason and as law. Of these the first was expressed in these simple words: "If the parties will have judgment, *fiat justitia, ruat calum*; let justice be done whatever be the consequences." The Latin phrase, which here plays such a prominent part, though of classical stamp, cannot be traced to any classical source, and is supposed to have been coined by Lord Mansfield on that occasion. Coming from such a conservative magistrate, it is of peculiar importance. With little expansion it says openly: "To every man his natural rights; justice to all, without distinction of persons, without abridgement and without compromise. Let justice be done though it drags down the pillars of the sky." Thus spoke the Chief Justice of England. Braced by this principle, the next stage was logically easy. He declared that, tracing slavery to natural principles, it can never be supported; that slavery cannot stand on any reason, moral or political, but only by virtue of *positive law*, and that in a matter so odious the evidence and authority of this law must be taken STRICTLY. No such law could be shown in England. And after asserting that rights could not depend on any discrimination of colour, he concluded, "and, therefore, let the negro be discharged."

From Westminster Hall, where he had so long been held in painful suspense, the happy freed man, with the glad tidings of his deliverance, now hurried to his guardian protector, Granville Sharp, who, though organizing and sustaining these proceedings, had been restrained, by unobtrusive modesty, from all appearance of attendance in court, that he might in no wise irritate the Judge, unfortunately prepossessed against his endeavour. And thus closed the most remarkable constitutional battle in English history, fought by a simple clerk, once apprentice to a linen-draper, against the merchants of London, backed by the authority of great names in law, and by the most exalted magistrate of the age. Even like the stripling David, he had gone forth to the contest, with only a sling and a few smooth stones from the brook; and Goliah fell prostrate at his feet. Not merely an individual slave was emancipated, but upwards of 50,000 human beings—five times as many as were held in slavery in all New England at the adoption of the Federal Constitution—were discharged from their bonds; a slave-hunt was made impossible in the streets of London; a great principle was set up which will stand forever as a Land-Mark of Freedom.

This triumph, which, at the time, was hailed by the friends of human happiness with exultation and delight, has been commemorated by poetry and eloquence. It prompted Cowper, in his Task, to these touching verses:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free.
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your Empire, that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too!"

It inspired Curran to a burst of eloquence which can never be forgotten:

"I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; nor with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation."

It was this triumph which lifted Brougham, in our own day, to one of those vivid utterances by which truth is flashed upon the most unwilling souls: "Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the Planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactment of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man."

Granville Sharp did not now rest from his labours. The Humanities are not solitary; where one is found, there will others be also. The advocate of the slave in London was naturally the advocate of liberty for all everywhere. In this spirit he signalized himself against the scandal of the English law, the hateful system of impressment, in the course of which he encountered no less a person than Dr. Johnson; also against the claims of England in the controversy with her American colonies, zealously maintaining our cause in a publication, of which it is said seven thousand copies were printed in Boston; also in establishing a colony of liberated slaves at Sierra Leone, on the coast of Africa, the predecessor of our more successful Liberia; and finally, as a leader, not only against the Slave Trade, but also against slavery in the colonies, so that he was placed at the head of the Committee which conducted this movement, and was reverentially hailed as "father of the cause in England." Other things, too, I might mention; but I am admonished that I must draw to a close. Pardon me if I touch yet one other shining point in his career, worthy of perpetual example.

The news of the battle of Bunker Hill, which reached London at the end of July, 1775, found him at his desk, still a clerk in the Ordnance Office, and obliged, by his position, to participate in the military preparations now required. But he was unwilling to be concerned, even thus distantly, in what he regarded as "that unnatural business," and though a close attendance on his office for eighteen years, to the neglect of all other means of subsistence, had made it important to him as a livelihood, yet he resolved to sacrifice it. Out of regard to his great worth and the respect he had won, he was at first indulged with a leave of absence; but when hostilities in the Colonies had advanced beyond any prospect of speedy accommodation, then he vacated his office. This man of charity, who had lived for others, was now left without support. But he was happy in the testimony he had borne in his principles; nor was he alone. Lord Effingham and the eldest son of Lord Chatham threw up their commissions in the army rather than serve on the side of injustice. And they were all clearly right. It is vain to suppose that any human ordinance, whether from King, Parliament, or Judicial Tribunal, can vary our moral responsibilities or release us from obedience to God. And since no man can stand between us and God, it belongs to each conscience for itself to determine its final obligations, and, where pressed to an unrighteous act—as if to slay, or what is equally bad, to enslave a fellow-man, charged with no crime—then at every peril to disobey it. The lofty examples of Granville Sharp on this occasion is not the least among the large legacies of wisdom and fidelity which he has left to mankind.

Mr. President—I have striven to keep within the open field of history and philanthropy, on neutral ground; but you would not forgive me if, on this occasion, I forebore to adduce the most interesting testimony of Granville Sharp touching the much debated clause in our Federal Constitution, which has been stretched to the surrender of fugitive slaves. In a letter to Franklin, dated 10th Jan., 1788—a short time after the Constitution had left the hands of the Convention, and some months before its final adoption by the people—and which has never before been mentioned in the discussion of this matter, he says: "Having been always zealous for the honour of free governments, I am the more sincerely grieved to see the new Federal Constitution stained by the insertion of two most exceptionable clauses, the one in direct opposition to a most humane article, ordained by the first American Congress to be perpetually observed (referring to the sufferance of the slave trade till 1808), and the other, in equal opposition to an express command of the Almighty, not to deliver up the servant that is escaped from his master, &c. Both clauses, however (the 9th section of the 1st article and the latter part of the 2d section of the 3d article), are so clearly null and void by their iniquity that it would be even a *crime* to regard them as law." It does not appear that Franklin ever answered this letter, in the short term of life which remained to him. But in justice to his great name, I desire to express my conviction here—of course without argument—that this patriot philosopher never attributed to the fugitive clause any such meaning as it has since been made to assume. And Granville Sharp himself, in putting upon it the interpretation he did, forgot the judgment which he had extorted from Lord Mansfield and his own unanswerable argument that the word *slaves* is nowhere to be found in the British Constitution.

In works and contemplations like these was the life of our philanthropist prolonged to a generous old age, cheered by the esteem of the good, informed by study and elevated by an enthusiastic faith, which always saw the world as the footstool of God; and when at last, in 1813, bending under the burthen of seventy-seven winters, he gently sank away, it was felt that a man had died in whom was the greatness of goodness. Among the mourners at his grave stood William Wilberforce; and over the earthly remains of this child of lowly beginnings were now dropped the tears of a royal duke. The portals of that great temple of honour, where are treasured England's glories, swung open at the name of England's earliest Abolitionists. A simple tablet from the chisel of Chantry, representing an African slave on his knees in supplication, and also the lion and the lamb lying down together, with a suitable inscription, was placed in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, in close companionship with those stones which bear the names of Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, Gray. As the Muses themselves are said to have watched over the grave of one who had done well on earth, so do the poets of England now keep watch over the monument of Granville Sharp; nor is his place in that goodly company without even poetical title. The poet is simply a *creator*; and he who was inspired to create freemen out of slaves was a poet of the loftiest style. But not in the sacred Abbey only, was our philanthropist commemorated. The city of London, the centre of those slave-hunting merchants, over whom his great triumphs was won, now gratefully claimed a part of his glory. The marble bust of England's earliest Abolitionist was installed at Guildhall, the home of metropolitan justice, pomp and hospitality, in the precise spot where once had stood the bust of Nelson, England's greatest Admiral, and beneath it was carved a simple inscription of more perennial worth than all the trophies of Trafalgar: "Granville Sharp, to whom England owes the glorious verdict of her highest court of law, that the slave who sets his foot on British ground becomes that instant free."

WORDSWORTH AND HAYDON.—"Wordsworth himself, with his grave and settled physiognomy, actually told another of his and Haydon's old friends, in my presence, the following story, which is so good that I feel an inclination to embalm it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"'We had been dining out,' he said, 'with an old friend—a very dear old friend—and it being too late to find a cab when we quitted the house, we were compelled to walk home. He asked me to take a bed; but Haydon had determined to walk home, and it was necessary that I should accompany him.'

"'Why was it necessary?' asked Haydon.

"'Why? Do you ask why it was necessary?' inquired Wordsworth.

"'Certainly I do.'

"'Because,' replied Wordsworth, shaking his head, 'you had taken a little too much wine—only a little too much.'

"'Well, go on,' said his friend; 'if our sins are to be cast up in our teeth in our old age, by an old friend, we can but grin and bear it.'

"'I had very great difficulty in keeping him straight. He was determined, it would seem, on walking in an extremely divergent manner; and when we at length turned into the Edgeware Road, a young gentleman, who had been observing him, stepped up to us, and said, "You seem to have some difficulty in walking home, gentlemen. I am going the same way. Might I beg of you to take my arm." Although not needing his assistance, I accepted it, in the hope of inducing Haydon to do the same. He did so, and we began to proceed along the pavement in a much more regular manner. I imagined that this young individual might be pleased at knowing whom he was assisting to convey home thus inebriated. Consequently, I turned to him and observed, "Young man, it may gratify you to know whom you have upon this arm"—I pressed it as I spoke. "I am—Wordsworth." He answered nothing—when, what must Haydon do but halt.'

"'Of course, I was not going to be choused out of my share of glory,' said Haydon, laughing.

"'Yes!' continued Wordsworth. 'He stopped short—dead, in the street, and laid hold of the railings of the area in front of one of the houses.'

"'And whom do you think I am, young man?' he asked. "I am—Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter!" For a moment the gentleman looked from one to the other, and then said, "I do not care who or what you are. But my belief is, that you are a couple of drunken lying old vagabonds." I was so thunderstruck that I at once let go his arm. He shook Haydon violently off the other. "Take care, as a reward for your lying so infernally, that you do not have to spend the rest of the night in the watchhouse." As he said this, he vanished up the street.'

"Haydon, his friend and myself laughed immoderately. Wordsworth did not even chuckle. His face was as grave and tranquil as before. Singularly enough, this was the only time I ever met Wordsworth, and consequently he is enshrined in my memory in connection with a story, which is the last I should ever have dreamt of his being connected with. His quiet and reserved demeanour, especially to strangers, renders it very improbable that, had I ever met him on subsequent or previous occasions, I should have heard him utter anything which could have imprinted it so powerfully upon my memory."—*"You Have Heard of Them."*

THE NEW EDEN.

Read before the Berkshire Horticultural Society, at Stockbridge, September 13th, 1854.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SEARCH could the parting ocean close,
Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving bow,
When o'er the rugged ocean rose
The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn field
The rippling grass, the nodding grain;
Such growths as English meadows yield,
To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,
And Autumn brought his purple haze,
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,
The hill-sides gleamed with golden maize.

Nor treat his homely gift with scorn;
Whose fading memory scarce can save
The hillocks where he sowed his corn,
The mounds that mark his nameless grave.

The food was scant, the fruits were few,
A red streak glistened here and there;
Perchance in stateller precincts grew
Some stern old Puritanic pear.

Austere in taste, and tough at core,
Its unrelenting bulk was shed,
To ripen in the Pilgrim's store
When all his summer sweets were fled.

Such was his lot, to front the storm
With iron heart and marble brow,
Nor ripen till his earthly form
Was cast from life's Autumnal bough.

But ever on the bleakest rock
We bid the brightest beacon glow,
And still upon the thorniest stock
The sweetest roses love to blow;

So on our rude and wintry soil
We feed the kindling flame of art,
And steal the tropic's blushing spoil
To bloom on nature's icy heart.

See how the softening Mother's breast
Warms to her children's patient wiles—
Her lips, by loving Labour pressed,
Break in a thousand dimpling smiles.

From where the flushing bud of June
Daws with its first auroral hue,
Till shines the rounded harvest moon,
And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings;
Look where the labouring orchard groans,
And yields its beryl-threaded strings
For Chestnut burr and Hemlock cones.

Dear though the shady maple be,
And dearer still the whispering pine,
Dearest yon russet-laden tree,
Browned by the heavy rubbing kine.

There childhood flung its venturous stone,
And boyhood tried its daring climb;
And though our summer birds have flown,
It blooms as in the olden time.

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,
With swinging drops and drooping bells,
Freckled and splashed with streak and spot,
On the warm-breasted, sloping swells;

Nor Persia's painted garden queen—
Frail Houri of the trellised wall—
His deep-cleft bosom scarfed with green—
Fairest to see and first to fall.

When man provoked his mortal doom,
And Eden trembled as he fell,
When blossoms sighed their last perfume,
And branches waived their long farewell.

One sucker crept beneath the gate,
One seed was wafted o'er the wall,
One bough sustained his trembling weight;
These left the garden—these were all.

And far o'er many a distant zone,
These wrecks of Eden still are flung;
The fruits that Paradise hath known
Are still in earthly gardens hung.

Yes, by our own unstoried stream
The pink-white apple-blossoms burst,
That saw the young Euphrates gleam—
That Gihon's circling waters nursed.

For us the ambrosial pear displays
The wealth its arching branches hold,
Bathed by a hundred summery days
In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheak of flame
With morning's earliest beam is fed,
The sunset painted peach may claim
To rival its celestial red.

What though in some unmoistened vale
The summer leaf grows brown and sere,
Say, shall our star of promise fail
That circles half the rolling sphere.

From beaches salt with bitter spray
O'er prairie's green with softest rain,
And ridges bright with evening's ray,
To rocks that shade the stormless main?

If by our slender-threaded streams,
The blade and leaf and blossoms die;
If, drained by noontide's parching beams,
The milky veins of Nature dry.

See, with her swelling bosom bare,
Yon wild-eyed Sister in the West—
The ring of empire round her hair—
The Indian's wampum on her breast!

We saw the August sun descend
Day after day with blood-red stain,
And the blue mountains dimly blend
With smoke-wreaths from the burning plain.

Beneath the hot Sirocco's wings
We sat and told the withering hours,
Till Heaven unsealed its azure springs,
And bade them leap in flashing showers.

Yet, in our Ishmael's thirst, we knew
The mercy of the sovereign hand
Would pour the fountain's quickening dew
To feed some harvest of the land.

No flushing swords of wrath surround
Our second Garden of the Blest;
It spreads beyond its rocky bound,
It climbs Nevada's glittering crest.

God keep the tempter from its gate!
God shield the children, lest they fall
From their stern father's free estate,
Till Ocean is its only wall!

EDUCATED WOMAN.—"The currency of the popular saying is no proof of its truth. People pass it as they do a bad sovereign, because their own interest is concerned in turning it to account. Every age has its favourite fallacy suited to the favourite foible of the period, which is passed eagerly from mouth to mouth, till some one comes who can afford to detect it. Thus, for centuries, it suited us to circulate a well-turned set of fallacies respecting woman's incapacity for keeping a secret—the motive being merely thereby to secure an innocent scapegoat, on whom to lay the shame of our own indiscretions. Now we are too happy when one of the sex will condescend to become the *confidante* of any secret we may possess, and feel them honoured by her acceptance. For centuries we agreed that education was a dangerous thing for her, only because we felt how much better use she would make of it than ourselves. Now we not only make them welcome to help themselves to any of the fruits of science, or flowers of literature, as plentifully as they please, but are too happy, as all editors and publishers will testify, when we can prevail upon them to help us as well. There is one fallacy, however, still current against women, which we must take this public opportunity of denouncing. A certain old father, soured by the circumstances of his lot, relieved some of his spleen by defining woman "an animal that delights in finery"; and this saying, naturally so acceptable to disappointed gentlemen of all orders, continued an authority even to the time of the amiable *Spectator*. But it is pretty clear that, in all that appertains to finery in dress, the sex to which the father himself belonged has not only always kept pace, but frequently outstripped the other; and that whilst our poets, moralists, and clergy, have been satirizing and denouncing the extravagancies and absurdities of female apparel, we have been flaunting and strutting away, under cover of our own fire, far more extravagant and absurd than they. It appears from Mr. Planche's History, and the other meritorious works now before us, that we cannot point to one single excess or caprice of dress which has appeared on the person of woman that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the body of man. We have had the same effeminate stuffs, the same fine laces, the same rich furs, the same costly jewels. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery. We have worn long hair, and large sleeves, and tight waists, and full petticoats. We have sported stays and stomachers, muffs, ear-rings, and lovelocks. We have rouged and patched, and padded and laced. Where they have indulged a little extravagance in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they have had head-dresses like the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram's horn's. If they have lined their petticoats with whalebone, we have stuffed our trunk-hose with bran. If they have wreathed lace ruffs around their lovely throats, we have buttoned them about our clumsy legs. If they carried a little mirror openly on their fans, we have concealed one slily in our pockets or hats. In short, wherever we look into the history of mankind, whether through the annals of courtiers or the evidence of painters, we find two animals equally fond of dress."—*Quarter. Review.*

As moral courage is growing into fashion, we thought, on coming to the following passage of one of N. P. Willis's late Idlewild Letters in the *Home Journal*, that that gentleman was about to astonish the world with the confession of a use of his fingers, which, however common it may be supposed to be, was never yet known to be acknowledged. We remember a conundrum, current in our boyhood, that there is one thing which a poor man throws away that a rich man pockets, and, giving to this all the force of a general principle, we have a friend in Boston who founds all *his* hopes of immortality upon the fact that he once saw what no other mortal eyes ever looked upon—namely, a gentleman, distinguished in the history of Massachusetts, blow his nose, in Beacon street, without the aid of a pocket-handkerchief! The street happened to be empty, for the moment required for such a deed, as the distinguished man ascertained by a careful scrutiny in every direction, and our friend was concealed behind the drapery of a parlour window. But it will be seen that Mr. Willis's confession hardly amounts to that, though it is a very bold one, and therefore worth reading. We wonder if he is aware that he has hit here upon an Oriental custom? Pocket-handkerchiefs are unknown among the Chinese, as an article of use, all those above the mode *au naturel*—if we may say so—using little squares of their peculiarly soft paper, and using each, of course, but once. As the subject is important, and if Mr. Willis is pursuing his experiments in this direction, we commend him, the next time he rides out, to try beech leaves!

"That these falling leaves have not all lived their uttermost—that there were destinies of which they were capable, and which they might have filled, in concert with higher beings than the cows, birds and squirrels, whose uses they have alone served—I stumbled upon discovering, not long since, through a little embarrassment of my own. You will listen the more willingly to the rather personal experience of the matter from its occurring in the service of our common interest. The *Home Journal* was at the bottom of it. It was a Thursday afternoon, and the printer was expecting my "copy." Finished at the last moment, the "Idlewild Letter" (this was in September, I think) was committed to its envelope; and, as the forever-and-ever of which that day was a part had then reached